



JUNE
1948



Is **ATLAS**
STRONGER THAN
SUPERMAN?

YOU'LL FIND THE
ANSWER IN THIS
EXCITING
ADVENTURE:

**"SUPERMAN
VS.
ATLAS!"**





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AN INCREDIBLE HEADLINE STUNS METROPOLIS!



BEHIND IT LIES A STORY EVEN MORE INCREDIBLE! IN DISTANT GREECE, WEEKS BEFORE—

THIS IS THE ANCIENT TOMB UNCOVERED BY THAT LANDSLIDE!



THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS READ THE INSCRIPTION AND ARE STARTLED!

IT SAYS... "TOMB OF ATLAS, UPHOLDER OF THE WORLD..."

HOW CAN THAT BE? ATLAS WASN'T A REAL PERSON! HE WAS A MYTH!



BUT INSIDE THE TOMB...

ATLAS' BODY, MIRACULOUSLY PRESERVED!

LOOK, IT'S BREATHING!



AN UNBELIEVABLE AWAKENING!

HE'S ALIVE!

WHERE AM I?



I REMEMBER... AN ENEMY EGYPTIAN GAVE ME DRUGS... MY EYES GREW HEAVY...

YOU'VE SLEPT FOR CENTURIES!

ATLAS, STRONGEST OF ALL BEINGS, EXCEPT FOR SUPERMAN!



WHO IS THIS
SUPERMAN? HE
CANNOT BE
MIGHTIER THAN
I!

STOP, ATLAS!
DO NOT ANGER
YOURSELF
NEEDLESSLY!



ALLOW ME TO BE
YOUR GUIDE AND
TEACHER IN THESE NEW
TIMES! MY NAME IS
WILLIAM SHARP.

SO BE
IT!

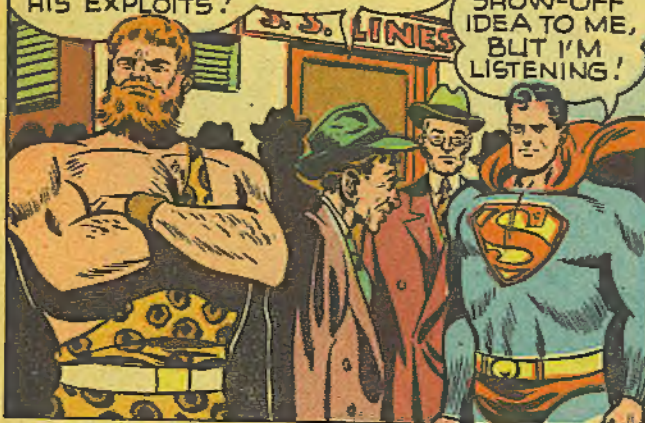


THE ADVENT OF
ATLAS, HITHERTO
THOUGHT A MYTH,
BECOMES A NINE-
DAYS WONDER!
THEN, AS THE
EXCITEMENT AND
NOVELTY SUBSIDE,
A SUDDEN CHALLENGE
IS ISSUED BY
WILLIAM SHARP-
FROM ABOARD THE
SHIP CARRYING
HIM AND ATLAS TO
AMERICA -
A CONTEST OF
STRENGTH-WITH
SUPERMAN THE
CHALLENGED ONE!

AND WHEN THE SHIP DOCKS...

ATLAS, WHO UPHELD THE
WORLD, DARES YOU TO MATCH
HIS EXPLOITS!

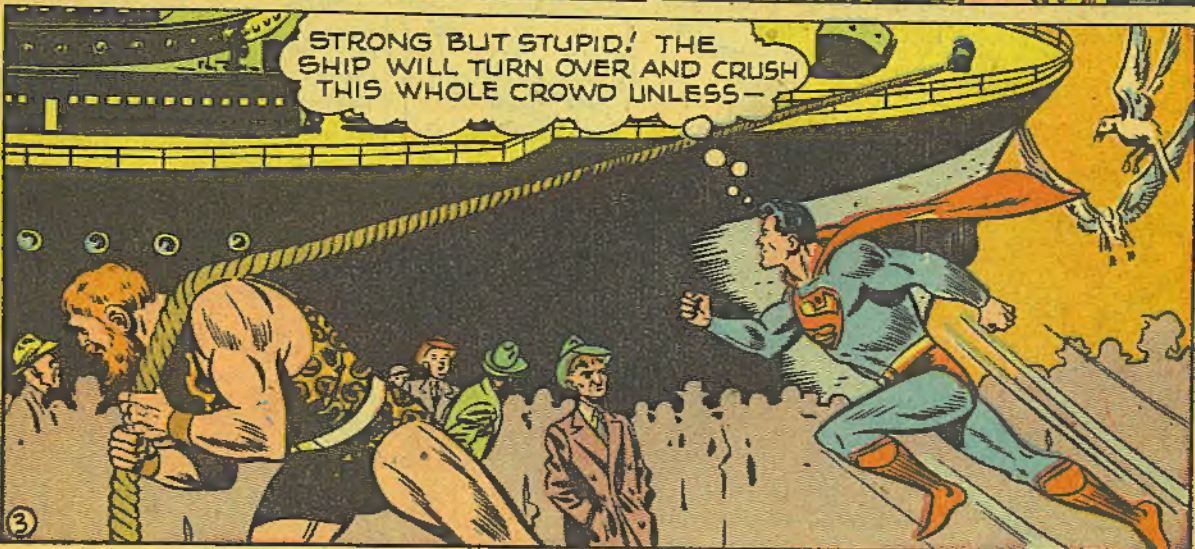
SOUNDS
LIKE A
SHOW-OFF
IDEA TO ME,
BUT I'M
LISTENING!



BEHOLD WHAT I DO
WITH SO MIGHTY A SHIP!
I PULL THUS-AND...

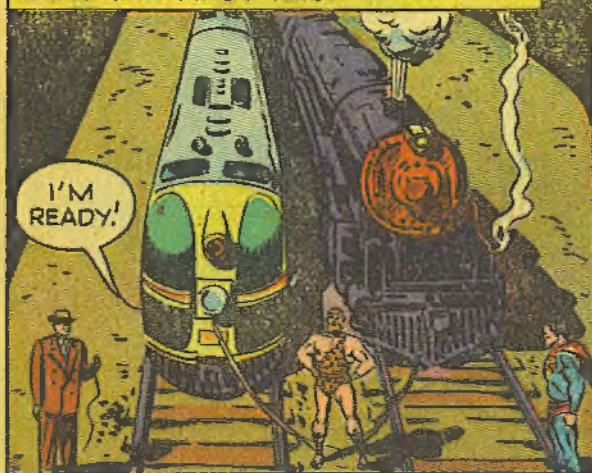


STRONG BUT STUPID! THE
SHIP WILL TURN OVER AND CRUSH
THIS WHOLE CROWD UNLESS -

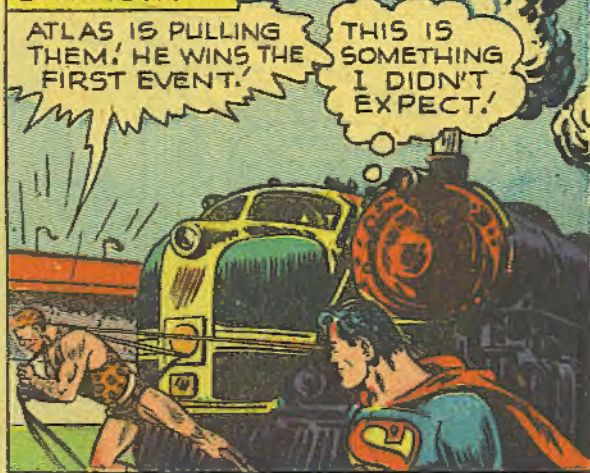




TEN MORE MIGHTY STEEL MONSTERS JOIN THE FIRST TEN.



AND AS MIGHTY ATLAS EXERTS HIS STRENGTH —



GOOD WORK, ATLAS!

I'M EVEN STRONGER THAN I THOUGHT!



THE NEXT EVENT—WEIGHT-HURLING!

I'LL MAKE IT REALLY TOUGH FOR HIM THIS TIME!



WHAT WEIGHT WILL YOU SELECT, SUPERMAN?

ONE OF THESE CONDEMNED SHIPS!



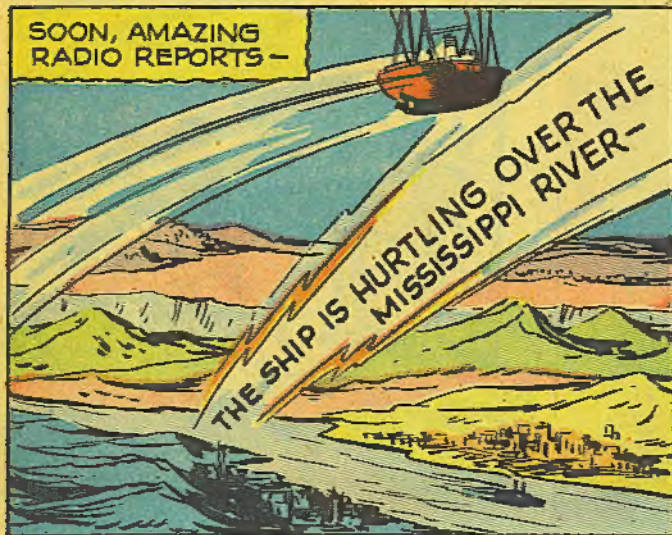
LOOK, HE'S HOLDING UP THE WHOLE SHIP!

BUT ATLAS HELD UP THE WHOLE WORLD, ONCE!





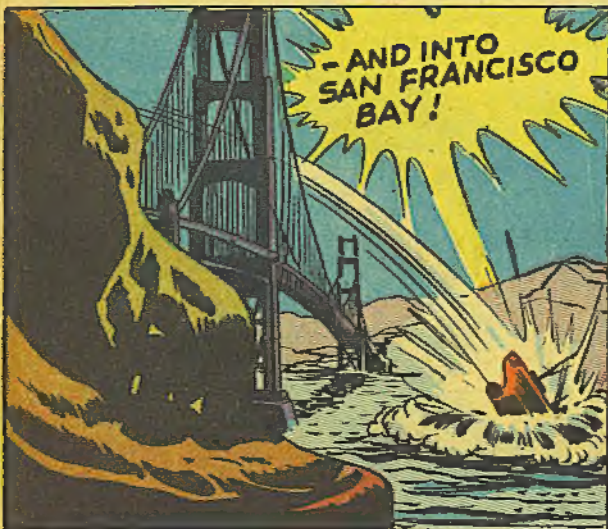
SOON, AMAZING
RADIO REPORTS—



THE SHIP IS HURLING OVER THE
MISSISSIPPI RIVER—



—OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—



—AND INTO
SAN FRANCISCO
BAY!



ATLAS THREW A SHIP
CLEAR ACROSS COUNTRY
TO THE PACIFIC!

HE
WINS
AGAIN!

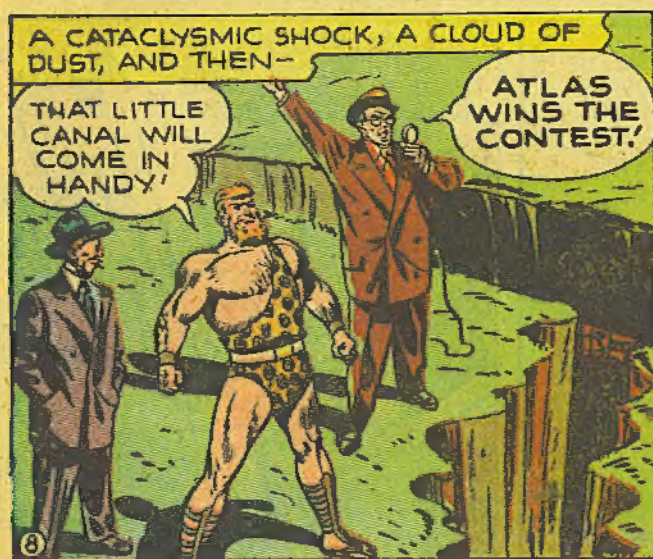
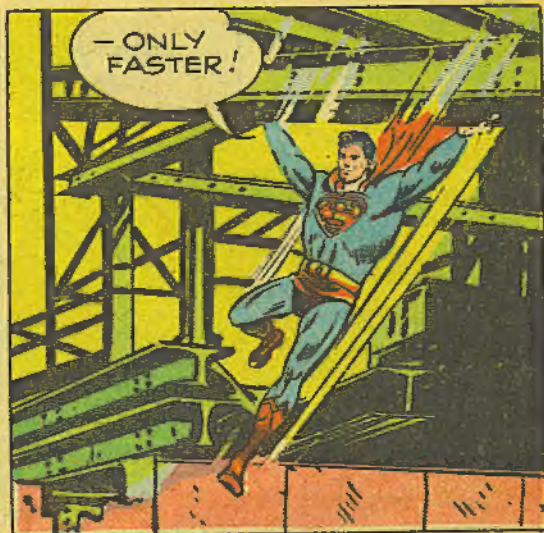
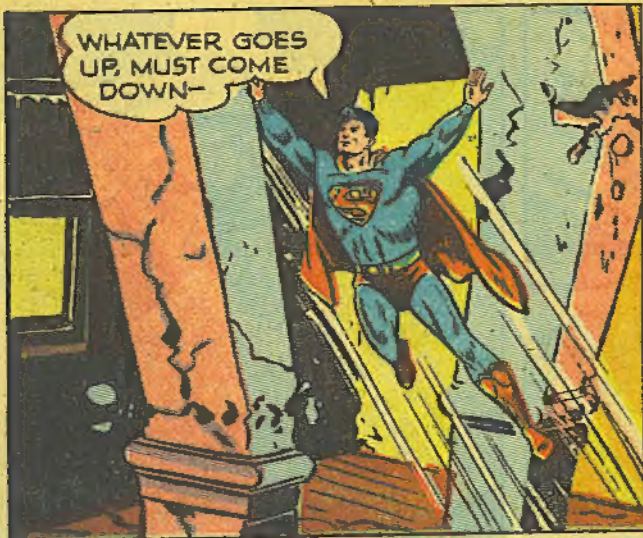


THE FINAL TEST—TEARING
APART MATERIALS BY
SHEER STRENGTH!

SUPERMAN, IF
YOU LOSE THIS,
YOU'RE BEATEN!



THIS SKYSCRAPER WAS
CONDEMNED AS UNSAFE,
TOO! I'LL SAVE THE
WRECKERS A JOB!



AND A BEATEN CHAMPION IS FORGOTTEN!

SUPERMAN, I STILL THINK YOU'RE THE BEST MAN, EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT THE STRONGEST!



IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, LOIS - I HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO...

LATER, IN A METROPOLIS PENTHOUSE -

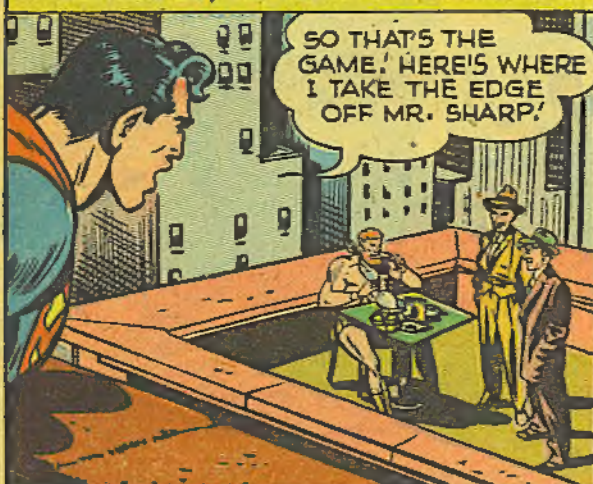
NOW WE'LL USE ATLAS' FAME TO RAKE IN MILLIONS IN BLACKMAIL!

SURE, HE'S SO STRONG, EVERYONE WILL PAY FOR "PROTECTION"!



WHILE NEARBY, USING HIS SUPER-HEARING -

SO THAT'S THE GAME! HERE'S WHERE I TAKE THE EDGE OFF MR. SHARP!



IT'S SUPERMAN! BULLETS CAN'T HURT HIM! ATLAS, YOU STOP HIM!



SURE THING! I'LL GIVE HIM ANOTHER BEATING!

YOU DELAYED ME AND LET SHARP ESCAPE, YOU POOR DUPE!

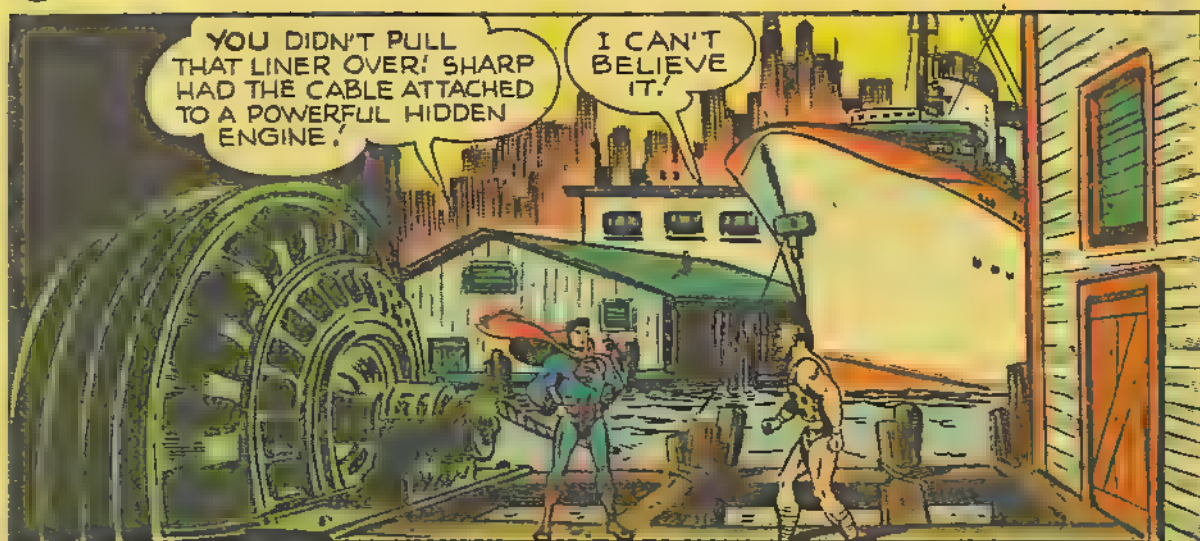
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS! I'M STRONGER THAN YOU ARE!



LET ME DOWN!

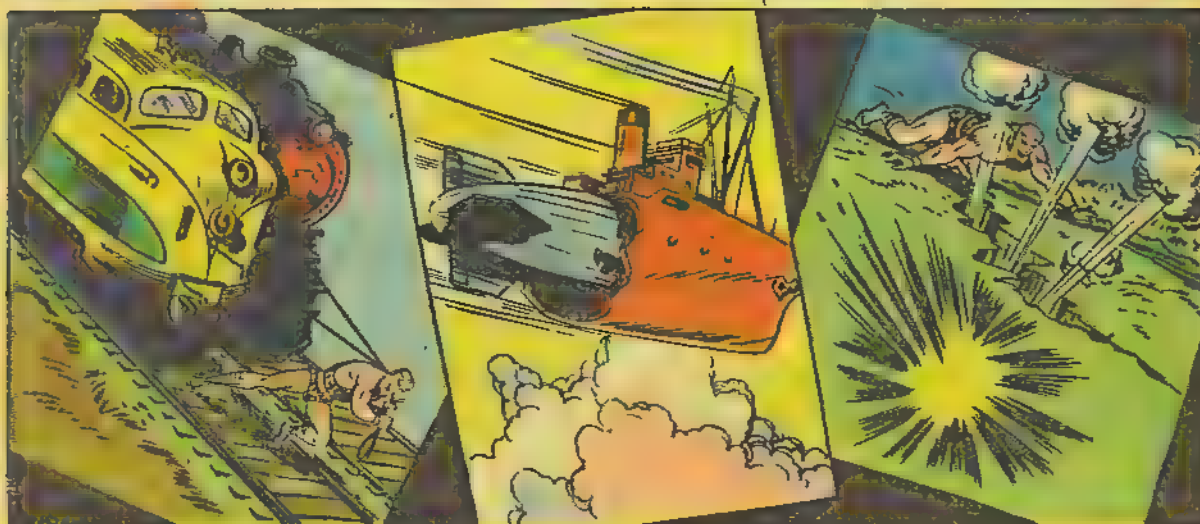
I CAN SOON SHOW YOU DIFFERENTLY!





YOU DIDN'T PULL THAT LINER OVER! SHARP HAD THE CABLE ATTACHED TO A POWERFUL HIDDEN ENGINE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



THE LOCOMOTIVES YOU PULLED HAD TRICK REVERSED CONTROLS; THE SHIP YOU "THREW" WAS A DISGUISED BLIMP; PLANTED EXPLOSIVES TORE OPEN THE EARTH, NOT YOU!

MY X-RAY VISION DETECTED THE FAKES, BUT I WANTED TO LEARN YOUR GAME.

I THOUGHT I WON THE CONTEST HONESTLY! BUT I'M NOT REALLY ATLAS!

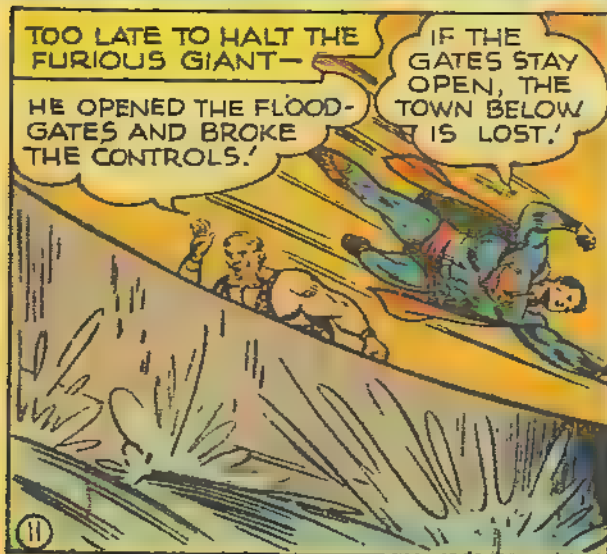
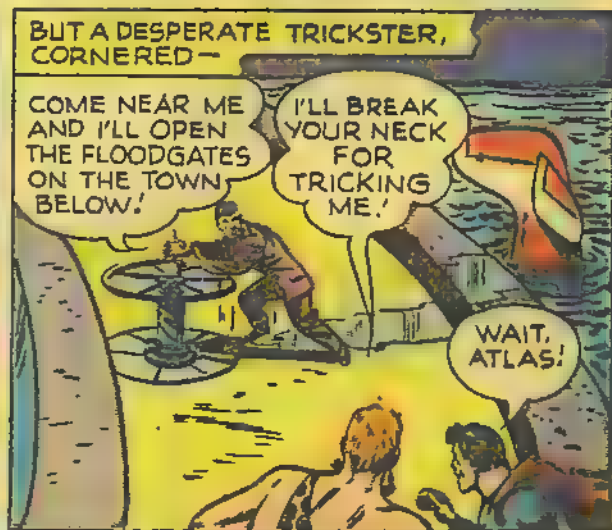
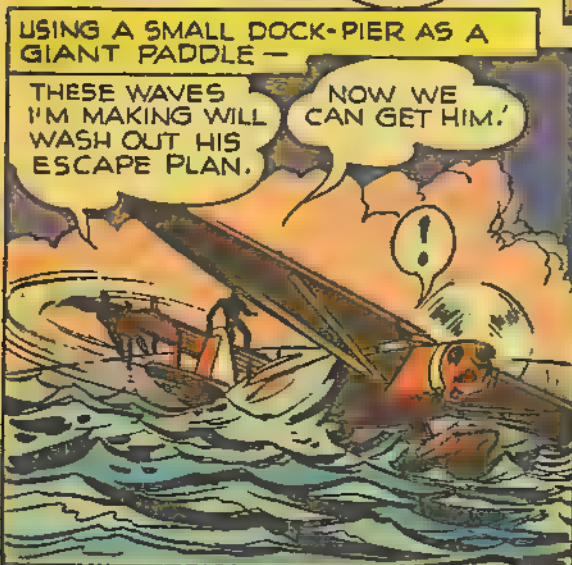
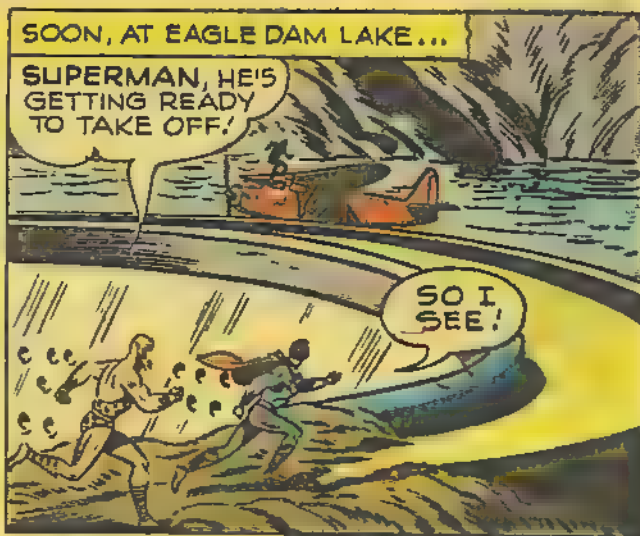
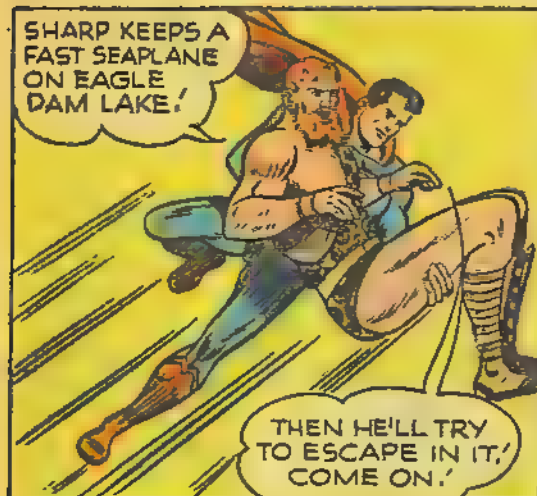
I'M JUST A STAGE STRONG-MAN! SHARP GOT ME TO FAKE WAKING IN THAT TOMB—FOR PUBLICITY, HE SAID.

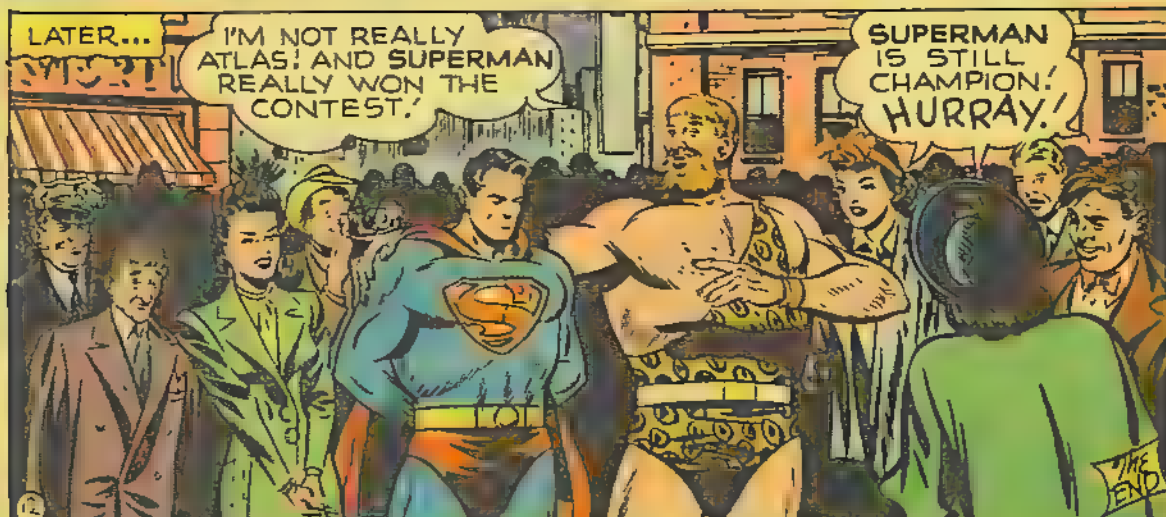
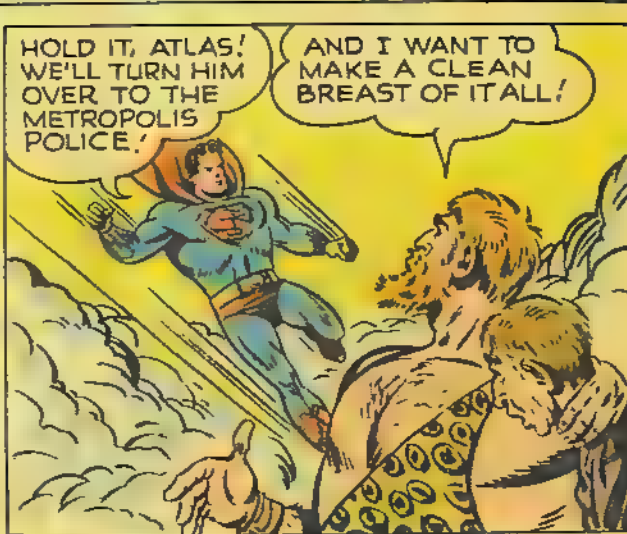
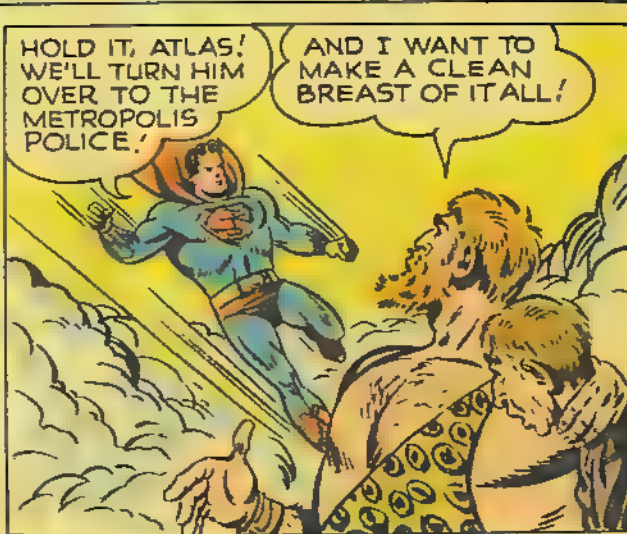
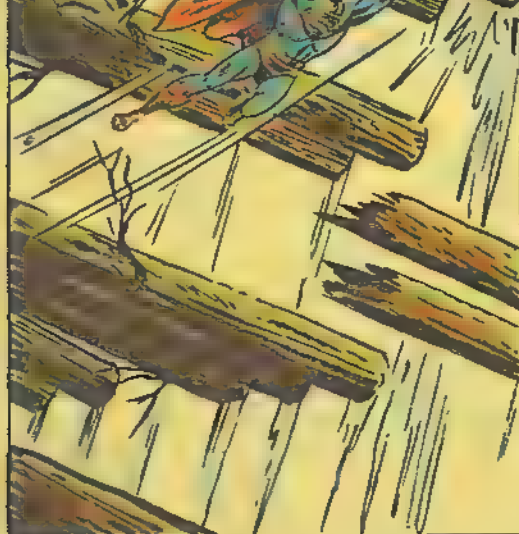
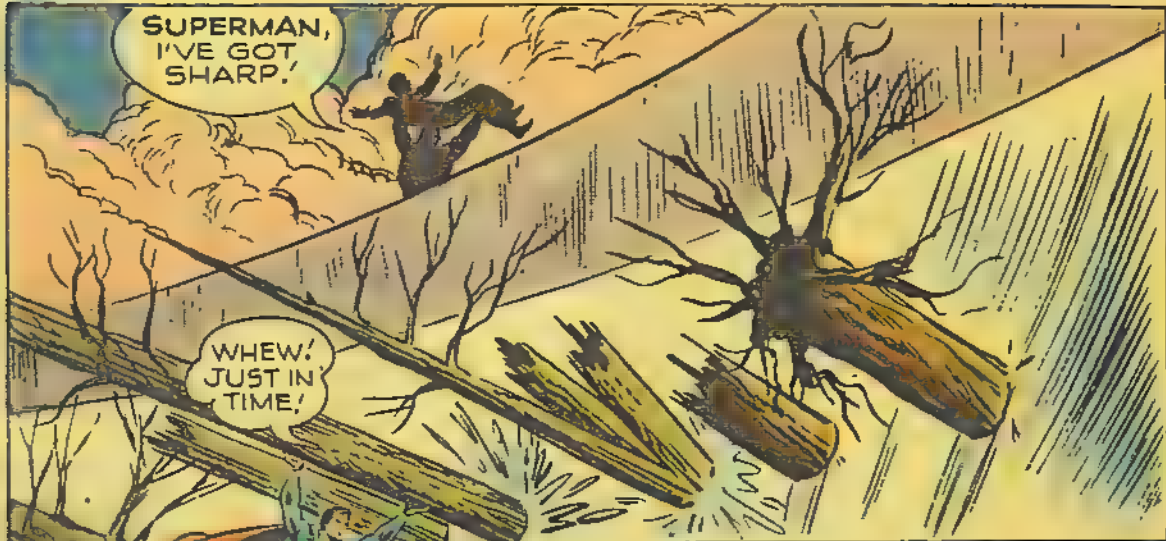
HE WAS JUST USING YOU AS A STOOGE.

I'LL BREAK HIM IN HALF FOR FOOLING ME!

DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER FIND HIM FIRST?









KEDS SHOCKPROOF ARCH CUSHION

SHOCK-
PROOF
INSOLESHOCK-
PROOF
HEEL

Only Keds Have ALL These Features:

- Scientific Last lets toes grip for action
- Slanted two-piece tops; won't bind
- Smooth inside construction
- Balanced toughness throughout
- Traction Soles, non-marking
- Pull-proof eyelets
- Wash clean with soap and water

They're not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoe



BIKE

FESTIVE



SPEEDARCH

BE SURE TO ASK FOR U. S. KEDS
THE NAME IS ON THE SHOE

U.S. Keds
MADE IN U.S.A. ONLY

The Shoe of Champions

MADE ONLY BY

UNITED STATES
RUBBER COMPANY

SABOTAGE,
SWEET
SABOTAGE

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
**Adventures of
SAM SPADE**

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS)
station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

HURRY UP THAT
PLANE, JOE! I'VE A
LOT OF SKYWRITING
TO DO TODAY!



MOTOR DEAD
AGAIN!...AND
MILES FROM
THE AIRPORT!

HELLO-SAM SPADE? I'D LIKE YOU TO IN-
VESTIGATE WHY MY PLANES ARE CRACKING
UP! THIS IS THE THIRD CRASH LANDING
I'VE HAD TO MAKE THIS WEEK.



SOMEBODY MUST
WANT ME OUT OF
THE SKYWRITING
BUSINESS, SPADE!

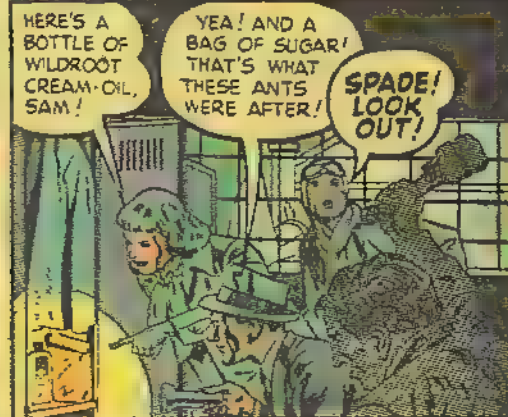
SAM! LOOK AT
THE ANTS SWARMING
AROUND THE GAS
TANK CAP.

ANTS! SAY, THAT
REMINDS ME OF
SOMETHING I
SAW IN THE
HANGER. COME
ON...

HERE'S A
BOTTLE OF
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL,
SAM!

YEA! AND A
BAG OF SUGAR!
THAT'S WHAT
THESE ANTS
WERE AFTER!

**SPADE!
LOOK
OUT!**



WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
MAKES YOUR HAIR LOOK
SMART! GET A BOTTLE
OR TUBE AT YOUR DRUG
STORE TODAY. ASK YOUR
BARBER FOR A PRO-
FESSIONAL APPLICATION.

IT'S THAT
MECHANIC I HIRED
A MONTH AGO!

SAM, YOU NEVER
TOLD ME WHY
THAT MECHANIC
PUT SUGAR IN
THAT PLANE'S
GASOLINE.

TO CLOG THE CARBURETOR
AND STOP THE ENGINE!
HE WAS PART OWNER IN
A RIVAL SKYWRITING
OUTFIT. SO HE TRIED TO
WRECK OUR FRIEND'S
BUSINESS. A SWEET TRICK
-EH, SUGAR?





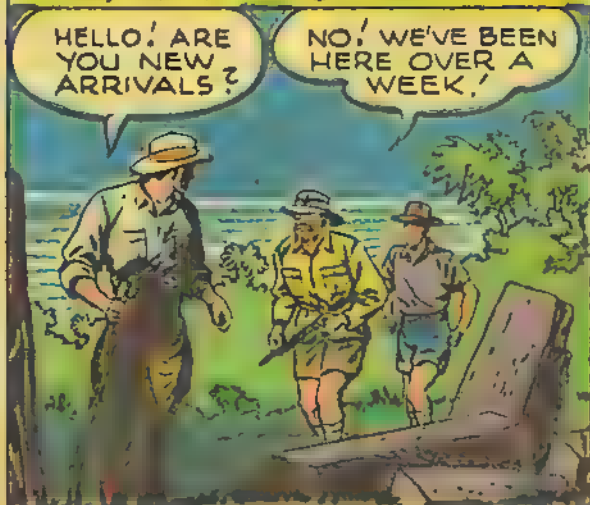
SUPPOSE YOU HAD NO CLOTHES, NO GUNS, NO KNIFE...NOTHING BUT YOUR BRAINS AND BRAWN! HOW LONG COULD YOU SURVIVE IN A JUNGLE WHERE PROWLING BEASTS ROVE AT WILL? SUCH IS THE SITUATION CONGO BILL FACES... AND DANGER STALKS HIS EVERY STEP AS THE GLOBE-GIRDLING ADVENTURER HAS TO BATTLE NATURE'S PERILS WITH ONLY HIS...

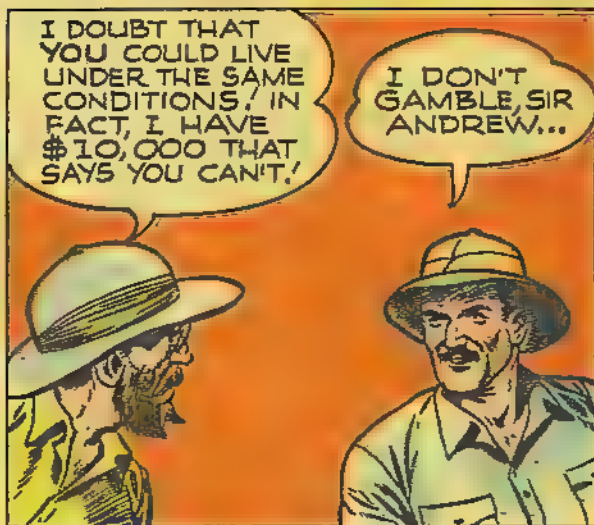
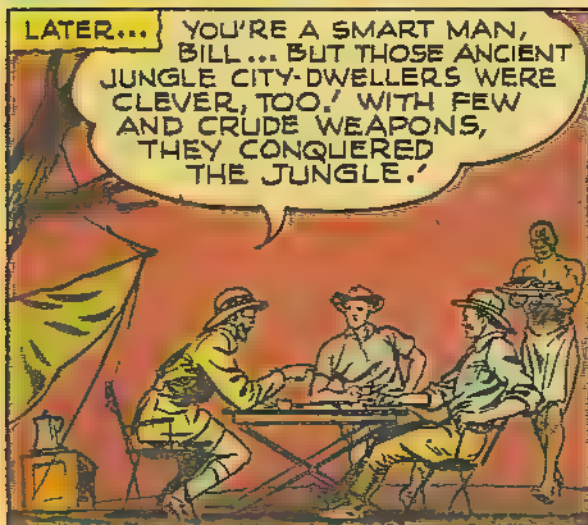
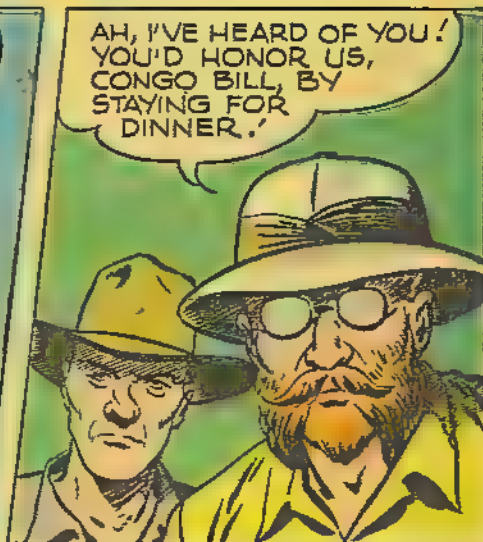
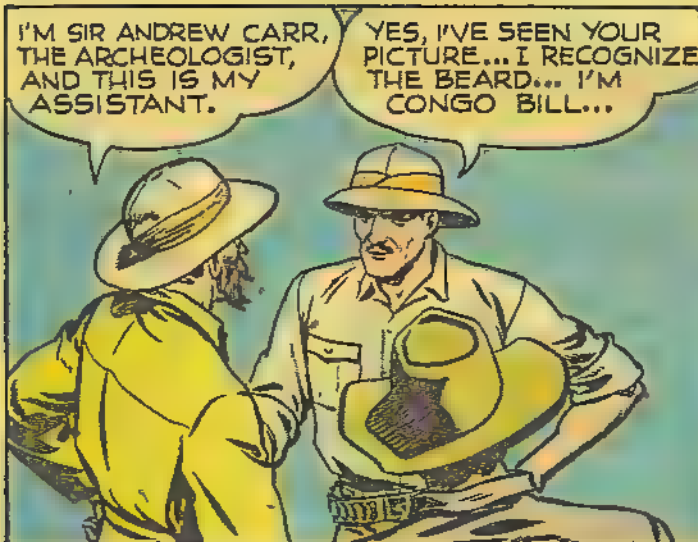
"Wits for Weapons!"

ON THE AFRICAN VELD, AT THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE, CONGO BILL, WORLD-FAMED ADVENTURER, FINDS A STRANGE RUIN...



THEN, OUT OF THE JUNGLE...





AT DUSK, CONGO BILL MAKES CAMP..

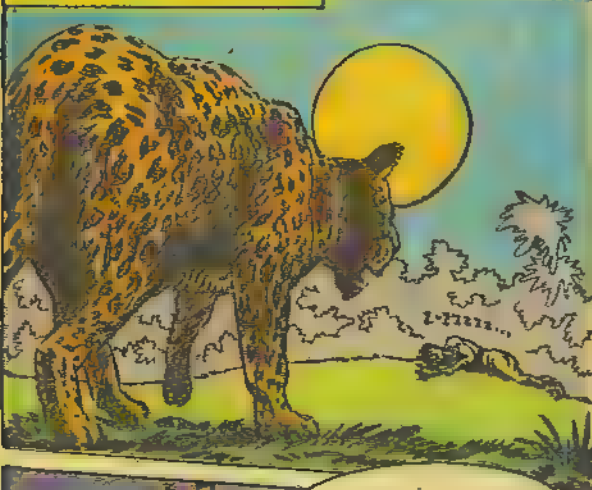
THESE VINES MAKE GOOD ROPES... NOW I'LL FIND MYSELF A CLUB AND BE ALL SET FOR THE NIGHT.



NOW FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S REST.



BUT AS CONGO BILL SLEEPS... OUT OF THE NIGHT SLINKS A LITHE, TREACHEROUS FIGURE!



CLOSER AND CLOSER CREEPS THE CROUCHING BEAST... THEN, SUDDENLY...

EEEEYOWWW!



CLUNK!

I KNEW YOU'D YOWL AS YOU SPRANG, AND WAKE ME!

RPPP...

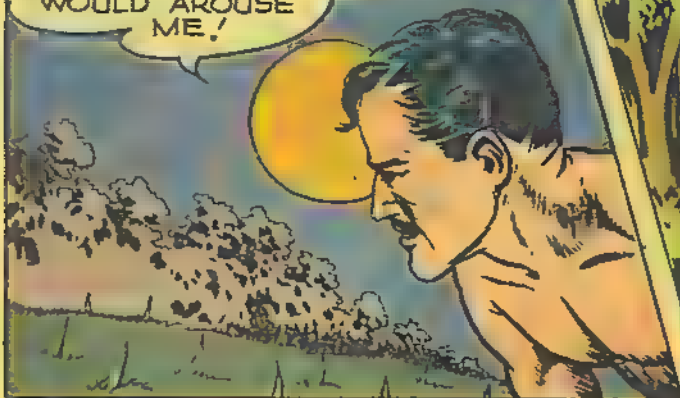


GUESS THAT FIXES YOU... I PICKED A CLEARING SO YOU COULDN'T LEAP AT ME FROM A TREE...



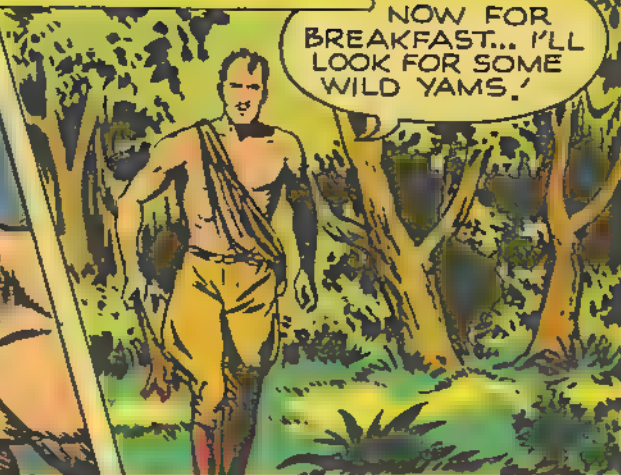


AND I COVERED THE GROUND AROUND ME WITH SHARP THORNS SO THAT ANIMAL PROWLERS WOULD STEP ON THEM. THEN THEIR YOWLS OF PAIN WOULD AROUSE ME!



MORNING... AND THE MASTER OF JUNGLE LORE SEEKS FOOD...

NOW FOR BREAKFAST... I'LL LOOK FOR SOME WILD YAMS.



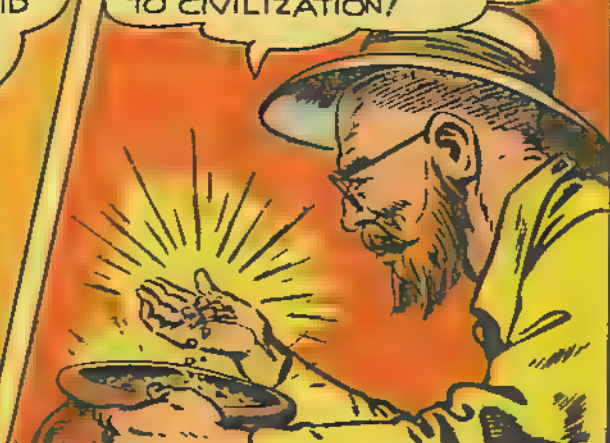
MEANWHILE...

BOSS, THAT WAS A CLEVER WAY TO GET RID OF CONGO BILL... THE JUNGLE WILL KILL HIM FOR US!

YES, IT WOULDN'T DO FOR HIM TO FIND OUT THAT WE GOT RID OF THE REAL SIR ANDREW CARR!



...AT LEAST UNTIL WE CAN GET OUR LOOT BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

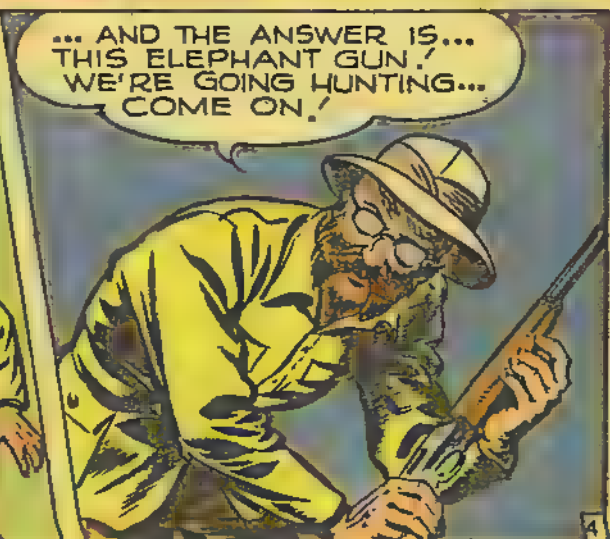


BUT, BOSS... SUPPOSE BILL GETS OUT OF THE JUNGLE ALIVE, AND FINDS US?

I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT...



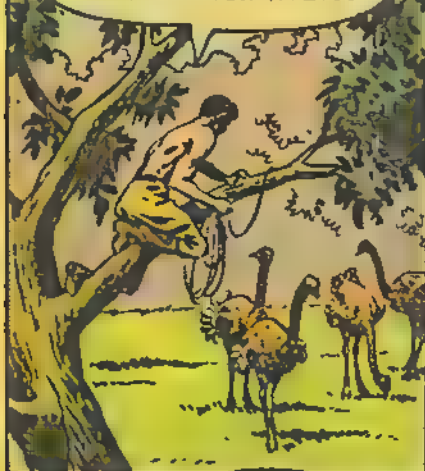
... AND THE ANSWER IS... THIS ELEPHANT GUN! WE'RE GOING HUNTING... COME ON!





UNAWARE OF THE PLOT AGAINST HIS LIFE, THE JUNGLE MASTER IS DOING SOME HUNTING OF HIS OWN.

HOPE THIS VINE LASSO WORKS... I CAN USE ONE OF THOSE OSTRICHES FOR TRANSPORTATION!



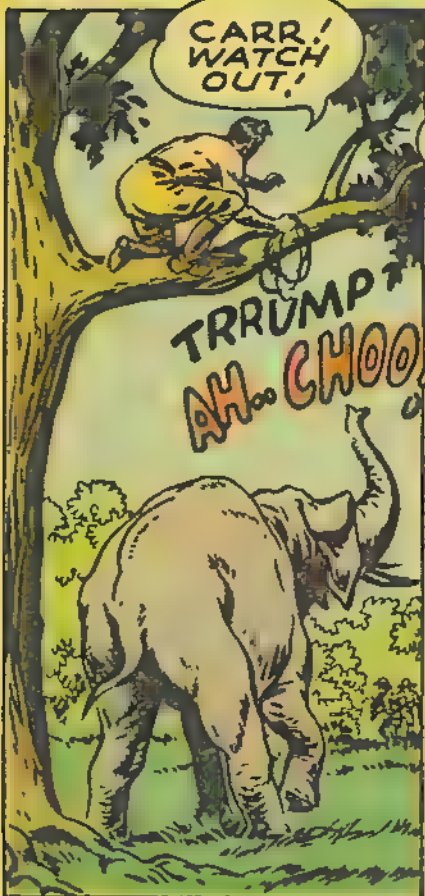
HUH...? OH-OH-A ROGUE ELEPHANT!



THIS WILD PEPPER WILL ROUT HIM-AND-SAVE THE OSTRICH!



CARR! WATCH OUT!



THE NEXT BULLET IS FOR CONGO BILL!

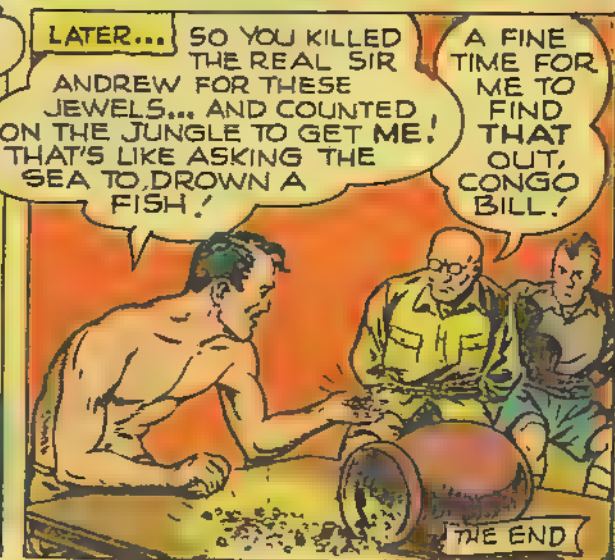
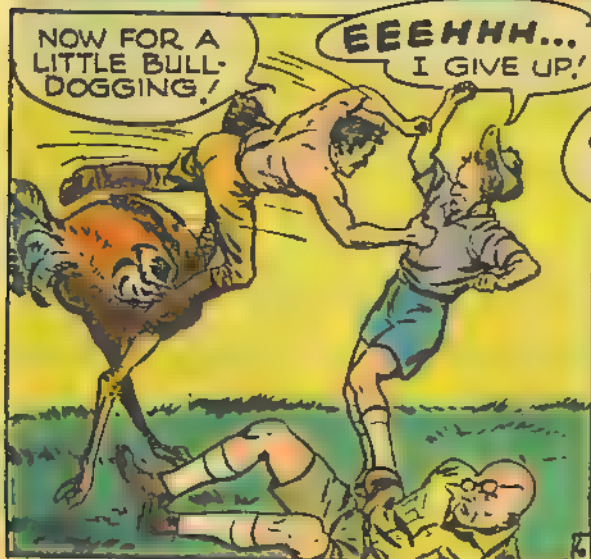
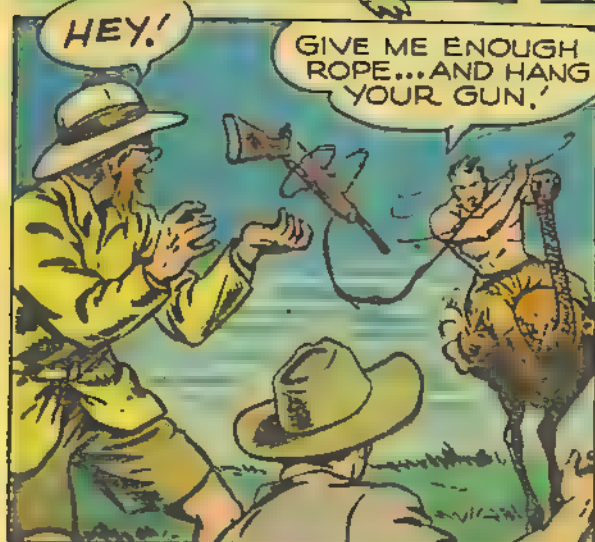
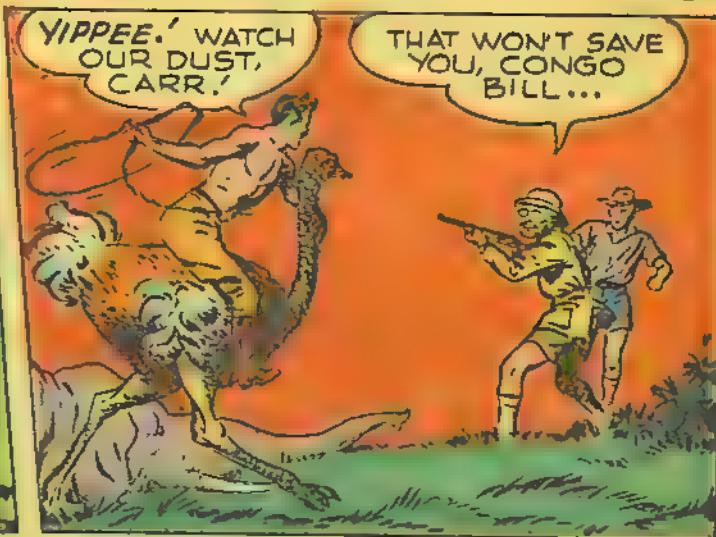


BUT AS THE HEAVY GUN AIMS AT THE TREE...

THAT BEAST MADE ME JUMP...UPSET MY AIM!

HE'S AIMING AT ME! I'D BETTER ACT FAST!







LOOK! 6 FULL-COLOR CHIQUITA BANANA TRANSFER PICTURES!

Get 'em for ONLY 5¢ and
a **KELLOGG'S** Corn Flakes
Box Top!



ACTUAL SIZE
(2 1/4 in. X 2 1/4 in.)

NEW CHIQUITA
SONG ON BACK!



For Books! On Bikes!



And Walls!



And Toys!



Decorate with
CHIQUITA BANANA TRANSFERS - FUN!

Made from the original Chiquita art! Great for decorating almost everything! Just wet and apply — directions on every transfer. Only Kellogg's Corn Flakes makes this swell offer — ask Mom for some now!

MOTHER KNOWS BEST!

QUICK ORDER COUPON — CLIP NOW!

Kellogg Co., Dept. 219, New York 8, N. Y.

Yes! I want 6 full-color Chiquita Banana transfers! Here's 5¢ and the top (end marked "Top") of a Kellogg's Corn Flakes package.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

This offer is limited to residents of the United States only.

COPYRIGHT 1949, BY KELLOGG CO.

This Tall Tale from Texas is true!



Ray O'Vac says:
"It's based on a letter in our files,"

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1 "Coyote after the geese again! Where the Sam Hill's that flashlight gone? Good night! Have to get a new one tomorrow."



2 But, meanwhile, another goose has been caught by a crafty coyote, and is being carried away for a big family feast.



3 "So! Soon as I buy a new flashlight, my old one turns up. I'll hide this new one away somewhere so it'll be safe."



4 "Being in the army put this hunt off too long, but at last we've got a few. Now, my skinning knife—in the attic, I think."



5 "Here's the knife—and look—here's that flashlight I hid away—let's see why that was 'way over 2 years ago!'"



6 "Whada' you know—it works! What kind of batteries could possibly stay 'fresh' that long? Let's take a look at them"



7 "I thought so. See? They're Ray-O-Vac Leak Proofs—the modern kind that are sealed in steel to keep them fresh"



8 "And a guarantee on every one—a new flashlight free, if yours is ever harmed by Ray-O-Vacs swelling or sticking"

Only RAY-O-VAC makes batteries this way



Powerful battery



add steel bottom



add steel top



add insulation

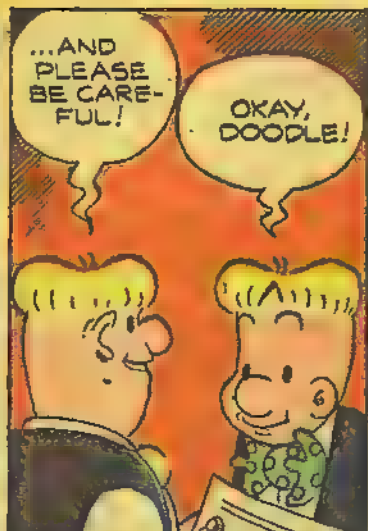
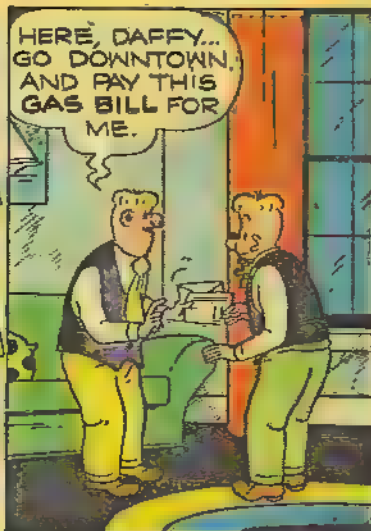


add steel jacket



Ray-O-Vac

ASK FOR
RAY-O-VAC
LEAK PROOFS



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

GWCZ XMVVQMA
KIY AIDM I ABIZDQ-
VO KPQTL OQDM
BW CVQBML VIBQW-
VA KPQTLZMVA MU-
MZOMVKG NCVL!

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

JUNE

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....



ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

PRACTICAL JOKERS, WHO ENJOY DEFACING PROPERTY-SOUVENIR-HUNTERS, WHO AREN'T SATISFIED UNLESS THEY'VE POCKETED A PIECE OF EACH EXHIBIT—ZATARA, VISITING THE WAX MUSEUM IN SEARCH OF RELAXATION, FINDS SEVERAL SUCH—AND FROM THEN ON, THERE'S NO REST FOR THE MASTER MAGICIAN, AND NEVER A DULL MOMENT FOR THE READER, IN THIS TALE OF..

The MUSEUM VANDALS!



ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN, DECIDES TO TAKE A DAY OFF...

WHAT A RELIEF. NO CRIMES TO SOLVE, NO LESSONS TO TEACH. TODAY I'M REALLY GOING TO RELAX.

WAX MUSEUM



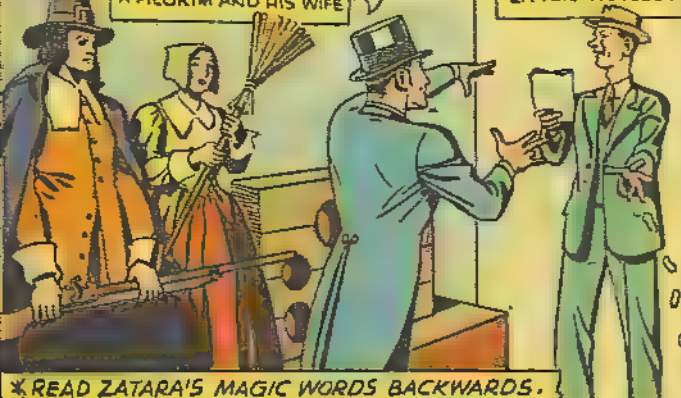
THESE WAX FIGURES ARE CERTAINLY LIFELIKE. I CAN HARDLY TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM AND LIVE PEOPLE.



WELL, HERE IS A MAN WHO APPARENTLY CAN'T READ SIGNS. THROWS HIS PEANUT SHELLS ON THE FLOOR. NGIS, HCAET MIH OT DAER.*

A PILGRIM AND HIS WIFE

PLEASE DO NOT LITTER THE FLOOR



*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.

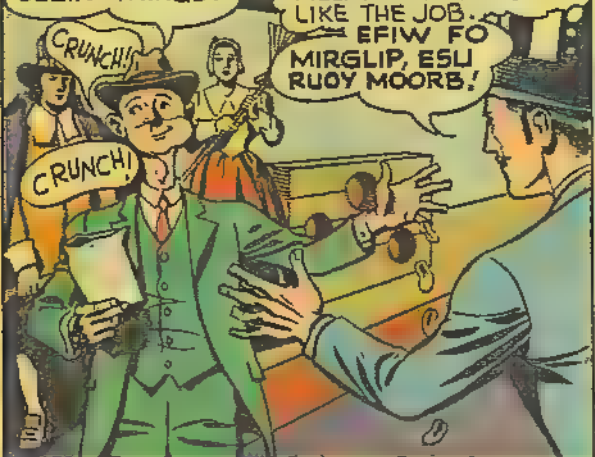
DO I HAVE TO COME ANY CLOSER FOR YOU TO BE ABLE TO SEE ME? CAN'T YOU READ?

HUH?



WELL, CAN YA 'MAGINE THAT! I MUSTA BEEN SEEIN' THINGS!

SEEMS HE NEEDS MORE CONVINCING. MAYBE THE PILGRIM LADY WOULD LIKE THE JOB. EFW FO MIRGLIP, ESU RUOY MOORB!



YOUNG MAN, OTHER PEOPLE MUST SWEEP UP YOUR LITTER, SO I THINK I SHALL SWEEP YOU UP!

YOW!



THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE. FIRST SHE SWATTED ME WITH HER BROOM, AND THEN SHE TALKED TO ME.

INTO THE STOCKS WITH YOU, YOUNG MAN. THE LESSON ISN'T OVER.

AND TO MAKE A FULLER IMPRESSION, SLEHS ELKCIT MIH.

HEY... HO, HO, CUT IT OUT, IT TICKLES. PLEASE—I'LL NEVER LITTER A FLOOR AGAIN.



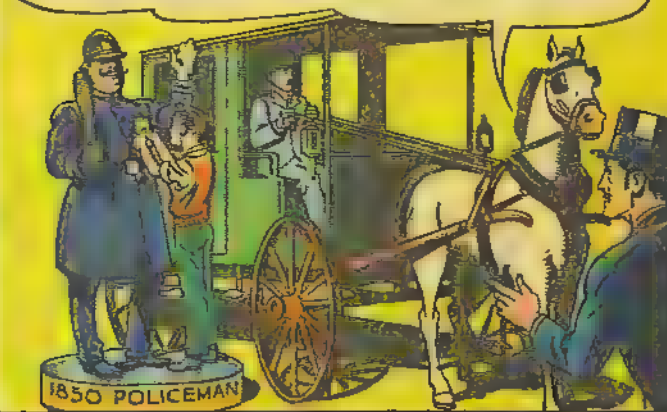
GOOD! NAMOW NRUT
KCAB OT EUTATS.

WHAT AN
EXPERIENCE!



ZATARA CONTINUES HIS ROUNDS, HOPING FOR NO
MORE INTERRUPTIONS... BUT—

A SOUVENIR-HUNTER! AND I THOUGHT THIS
WOULD BE A DAY OF REST FOR ME.



HE'S TAKEN THE BADGE OFF
THAT WAX POLICEMAN.
WE'LL HAVE TO RETURN
IT. EGDAB NRUTER
OT RUOY RENWO.



THIS IS
WHERE I
BELONG.

IT FLEW
BACK!

NOW TO RETURN THE
OTHER "SOUVENIRS"
NELOTS STCEJBO
KSA OT EB DENRUTER
OT RUOY SRENWO.



HEY, PUT
ME BACK ON
BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN!

PRESIDENT
WILSON WANTS
ME BACK ON HIS
FINGER!

WOW!
THEY'RE
TALKING!

I BELONG
ON GENERAL
GRANT!



NAMECLOP
TSERRA
MIH. ESROH
EB EVILA.

THAT'S RIGHT, YOUNG
FELLOW. YOU'D BETTER
RETURN THOSE ARTICLES.
IN FACT I THINK I'LL DRIVE
YOU TO THE SCENES
OF YOUR CRIMES
MYSELF.

NOW THE
WAX POLICEMAN
IS ALIVE! YES
SIR... I'LL DO
WHAT YOU
SAY.

THE POLICEMAN WILL
DRIVE HIM BACK WHEN
HE'S RETURNED EVERY
ARTICLE. I DON'T THINK
HE WILL EVER WANT
TO TAKE SOUVENIRS
AGAIN.

AND DON'T YOU
EVER TRY THAT
TRICK AGAIN.

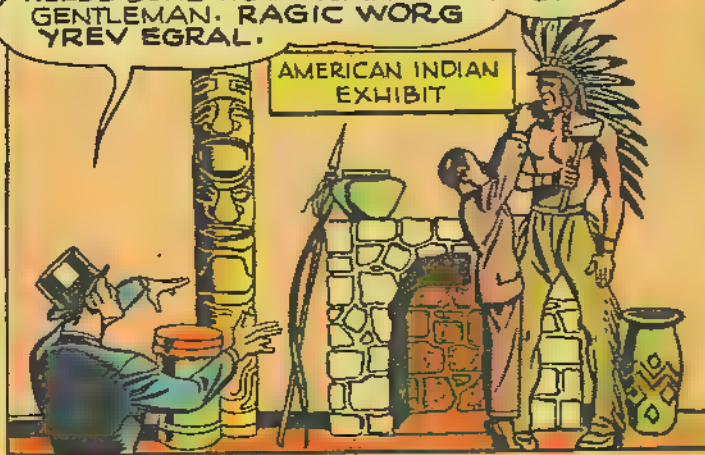
Y-YES
SIR.



I HOPE THAT'S THE
LAST BIT OF MAGIC I'LL HAVE TO
PERFORM TODAY. I WANT TO
RELAX.



I SEE I SPOKE TOO SOON. THIS
LITTLE PRACTICAL JOKER IS PUTTING
A CIGAR IN THE INDIAN'S MOUTH. HE
NEEDS SOME TRAINING IN HOW TO BE A
GENTLEMAN. RAGIC WORG
YREV EGRAL.

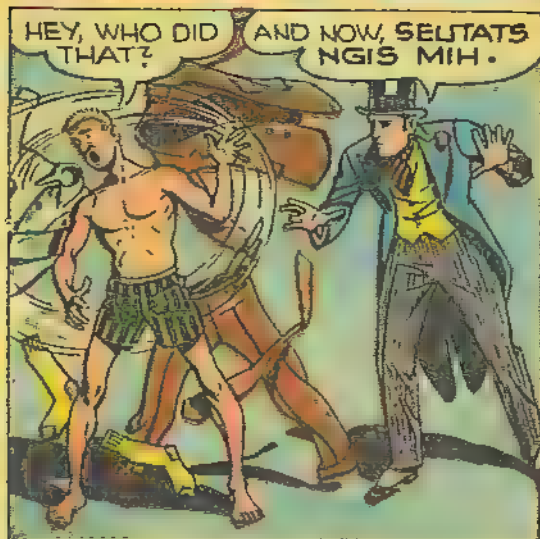
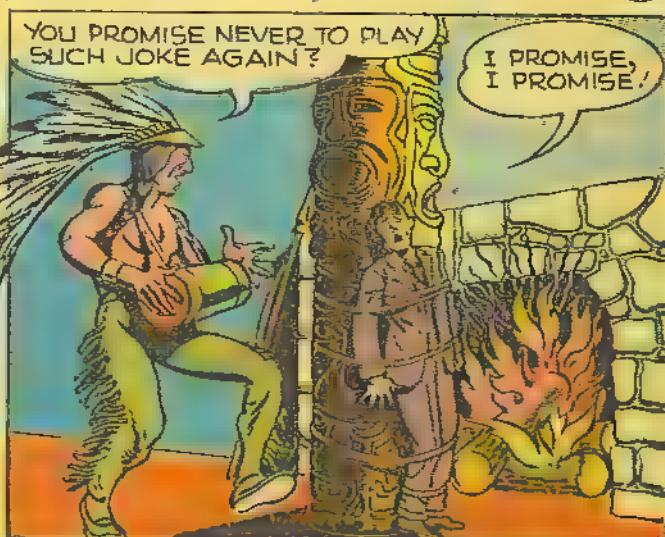


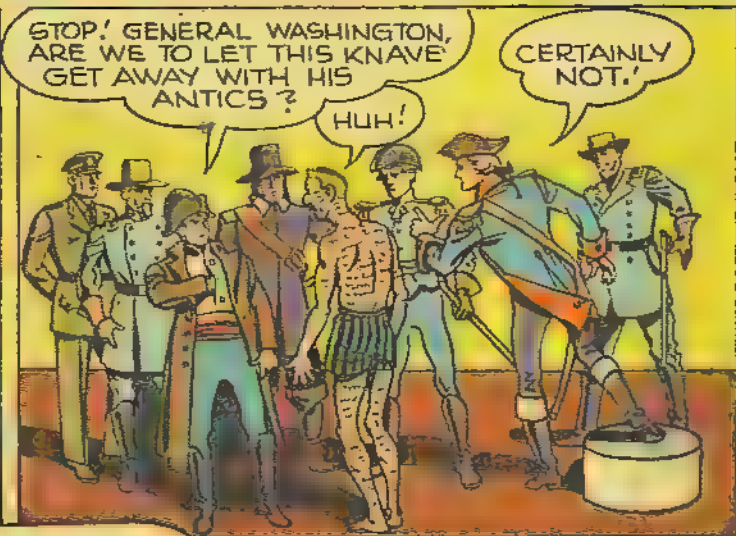
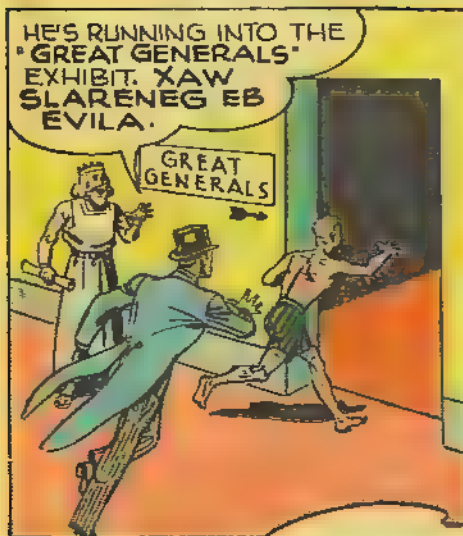
HEY, HOW DID
THAT HAPPEN?

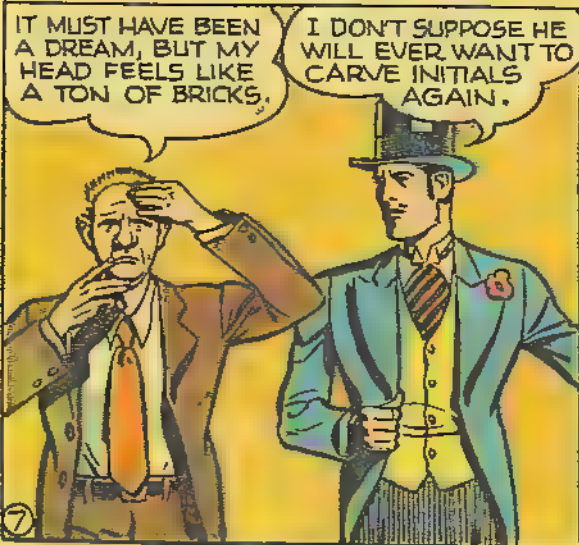


UGH... YOU GIVE ME TRICK
CIGAR. NOW YOU SMOKUM
OR ME SCALPUM.









Bazooka

THE ATOM

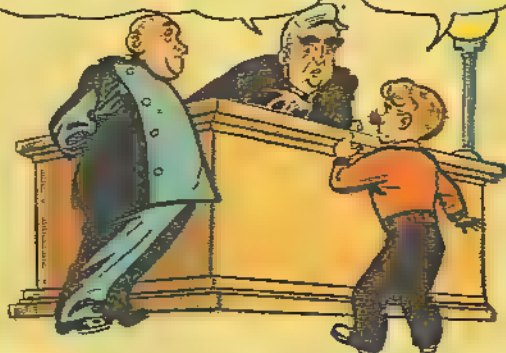
BUBBLE BOY

in
THE MISSING
MESSENGER



BAZOOKA, WE NEED YOUR
HELP ON THE FIRST
NATIONAL BANK ROBBERY
CASE. I GUESS YOU READ
ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS.

YES
COMMISSIONER,
AND I'LL BE
GLAD TO
HELP.



HERE'S THE STORY. THE
CAULEY GANG HAS
ALBERT CRANE, THE
BANK MESSENGER IN
A SHACK HALFWAY UP
THE MOUNTAIN.

WE SPOTTED
EM FROM A
PLANE BUT WE
CAN'T LAND
WITHIN 20
MILES.

AND IF WE GO UP
THE MOUNTAIN
AFTER THEM
THEY'RE LIABLE
TO KILL CRANE
AND RUN FOR
IT.

THIS IS SOMETHING
NEW. A SLEEP BOMB!
IF YOU CAN THROW
IT IN THE WINDOW
OF THE SHACK IT
WILL PUT THEM
TO SLEEP FOR
EIGHT HOURS!

MEANWHILE
WE CAN GO
UP THE
MOUNTAIN
AND GRAB
THEM.

I
THINK I
CAN DO
IT.



THIS IS MY
SPECIAL
BAZOOKA
BUBBLE GUM.
WATCH ME
BLOW A GIANT
BUBBLE AND
SAIL OFF TO
THE MOUNTAIN!

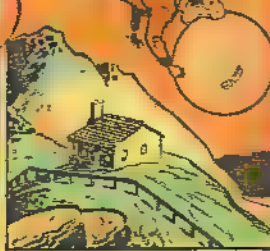
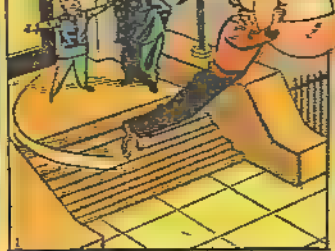
MY KIDS CHEW
BAZOOKA, TOO!
SIX B.G.
CHEWS FOR
A NICKEL?
THAT'S A
BARGAIN.

WHAT A
BUBBLE!
WHAT A
BOY.

COOL AS ICE!
HE'S READING
THE COMIC
THAT COMES
WITH HIS PACK-
AGE OF
BAZOOKA
GUM!

AKOOZAB!
AKOOZAB!
AND DOWN
I GO!

HERE GOES THE
SLEEP BOMB
AND IN A FEW
HOURS THE
POLICE WILL
BE HERE TO
GRAB THE
CAULEY
GANG!



GREAT WORK,
BAZOOKA!
YOU'LL GET A
BIG REWARD.

WHEN THEY WENT
TO SLEEP, I WENT
IN AND GOT MR.
CRANE AND THE
BAG OF MONEY!

HEY KIDS, YOU
GET SIX BIG CHEWS
FOR 5¢ WITH
BAZOOKA BUBBLE
GUM AND A COMIC
STRIP IN EVERY
PACKAGE.

AND BAZOOKA
BUBBLE GUM
HAS THE
PARENTS'
MAGAZINE
SEAL! THAT'S
IMPORTANT!



SAVE
WRAPPERS
FOR SWELL
PRIZES

BILL GETS HIS BREAK

By John Elliston Nanovic

"THAT'S about the best I can do for you,

Bill," Mr. Hallburton was saying as he got into the front seat of the sedan Bill was driving to the bank to make the day's deposits. It was getting on toward dusk, but since Thursday was a big shopping day in the city, the banks were open later than usual. "You're a good boy," his boss continued, "but you haven't had enough experience yet to take over a branch."

"Why not, sir?" Bill was determined to put up a good fight before he gave up all chances for the promotion he wanted. "I know this business well, and I can use my head."

"I know you do, Bill, but it just takes a little more time to be sure of yourself; to face emergencies without getting rattled; to come through in he pinches. Wait a year, and I'll move you along to better things."

That was final enough, even to Bill. It meant that all his plans were out the window; the extra pay that would have meant his kid sister could get the musical training he wanted her to have; his next step ahead in business, and all. He just had to wait.

Neither Bill nor his boss spoke a word for the next few blocks. Dusk had brought on the street lights and the dim car lights and red tail lights of occasional traffic that passed them, glimmered about. They were headed for the center of the city, but right now traffic wasn't so bad in this section.

At the next intersection, the light turned red, and Bill stopped the car. In a moment, two men stepped out from the side of the road and with pointed guns, ordered Mr. Hallburton out of the front seat and into the back. With no traffic, and no one nearby, there was nothing else to do but follow orders.

"Okay, pals," the taller of the two gunmen said. "Just take it easy, and do what we tell you. Nothing will happen, except we'll take those receipts you have there."

Bill expected them to take the money right then. The day's receipts must have reached five thousand dollars, and he wondered how the gunmen had planned this.

Before he could wonder much more, Tall Guy ordered him to drive ahead, straight downtown, without any tricks. Bill did. He noticed Mr. Hallburton was covered by the gunman in the back seat, and was quite nervous.

Downtown, traffic was heavier, and the first stop they made was at a traffic light with a cop on duty. Bill hoped he might get the cop's attention some way, but an extra prod of the gun, which Tall Guy had well concealed from any inquisitive eyes, cut out that hope.

"Don't try any tricks, young fellow," the gunman said. "You just drive out the cut-off, and everything will be fine. But one smart move, and this gun goes off."

As the light changed, Bill moved with the traffic. The car lights were becoming more pronounced. White lights from the dimmed headlights; red from the tail lights, with occasional flickers as brake pedals gave warning signals through the red lenses.

A few more blocks, and Bill would have to make the left turn for the cut-off. A few more blocks, and the gunmen would have them heading for open country, where anything could happen.

But as Bill watched the traffic, he got an idea. Maybe just a dim hope, but it might work, especially since, at the turn of the cut-off, he knew a cop's booth was always occupied.

As they approached the cut-off, Bill tooled

the car over to the left lane, inched past the traffic cop standing outside his booth, and nosed into opposing traffic with a prayer.

So far, he was lucky. Traffic the other way - was heavy, for people were still coming into town to do shopping.

"No tricks now," Tall Guy said. "Don't let this cop give you any ideas, either."

Bill looked in the rear view mirror. The cop was facing the back of their car, just looking, without any concern. Bill shifted his weight a little. The gunman's arm tightened; the gun pressed against Bill's side, but nothing else.

With eyes still glued on the rear view mirror, Bill squirmed a little; moved his weight in the seat. His attention on the rear view mirror distracted his gunman companion's attention too, which was what Bill wanted, while he played his one chance for safety.

The cop, whose glance at the car was at first unconcerned, seemed to look closer now. He made a step or two as if to go toward it, but changed his mind when the opposite stream of traffic eased, and Bill had to make the turn. Just as he turned, he saw the cop step back into his booth and pick up the phone.

That did it! Bill relaxed, and kept his eyes open. He didn't know when to expect help, but he was sure it would come.

There it was! Two police cars, lights blazing, sirens screaming, coming toward them down the highway.

"Slow up, pal," Tall Guy muttered, "and take things easy. They aren't after us."

His gun went into a pocket, though still in a handy position, as the cops approached.

"Sorry, folks, we're checking all cars coming through here for a little girl kidnaping," the first cop explained.

"No little girls in this car," the gunman said with relief. "Search it if you wish, boys." He pulled his hand out of his pocket in an expansive gesture, indicating the back of the

That was the moment Bill chose to grab the gunman and yell: "Get these guys; they're holdup men!"

The cops were on their toes. Their guns covered the car, and the two thugs were frisked and relieved of their weapons.

Mr. Hallburton, very much shaken, could only say, "Goodness, it was certainly lucky for us you had that kidnaping report and stopped us."

"There was no kidnaping, sir," one of the cops said. "That was just to cover up while we checked to see why you sent out the SOS."

"SOS? What kind of SOS?"

"The SOS that you flickered with your tail light at the turn-off. It only took a moment for the cop on that corner to catch on to the signals which the driver was trying to pass out by touching the brake pedal in the dots and dashes of the Morse Code. He called headquarters, and we headed this way to cut you off. That sure was quick thinking in an emergency, young fellow. You'd probably have ended up with a bullet in your heads otherwise."

Mr. Hallburton looked at Bill.

"You . . . you signaled that cop, with this guy holding a gun in your side?"

"Well, those blinking tail-lights in the dusk gave me an idea. I hoped the cop on that corner would wonder why I was fooling with the brake pedal. The gunman didn't bother watching my feet; he was too busy watching me look in the rear view mirror, figuring I would try some trick that way. And SOS is such a familiar signal that I figured a policeman might catch it by the flashing of the brake pedal in our rear lights."

Mr. Hallburton drew a deep breath. "Well, Bill, you certainly are equal to an emergency. The least I can do, now that you've proven your mettle, is to give you that promotion that you really deserve. What's more, there will be an extra bonus for you—for quick thinking in an emergency!"

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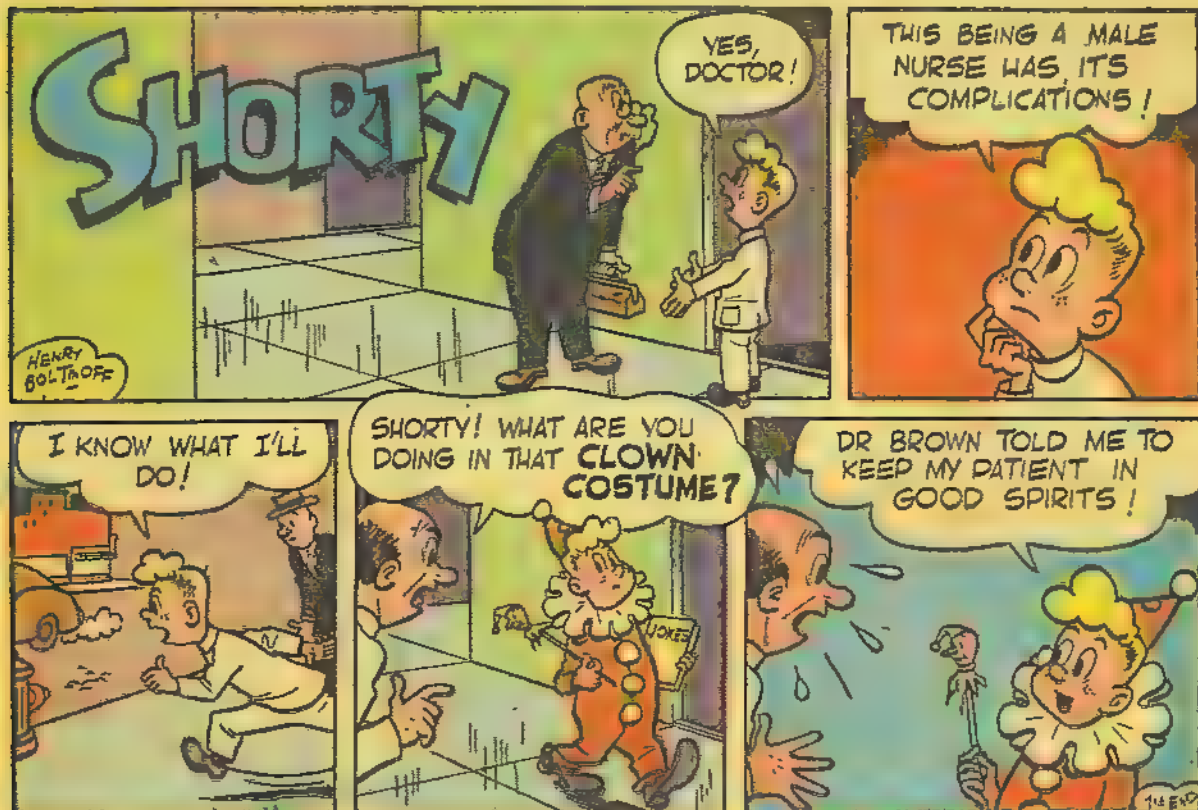
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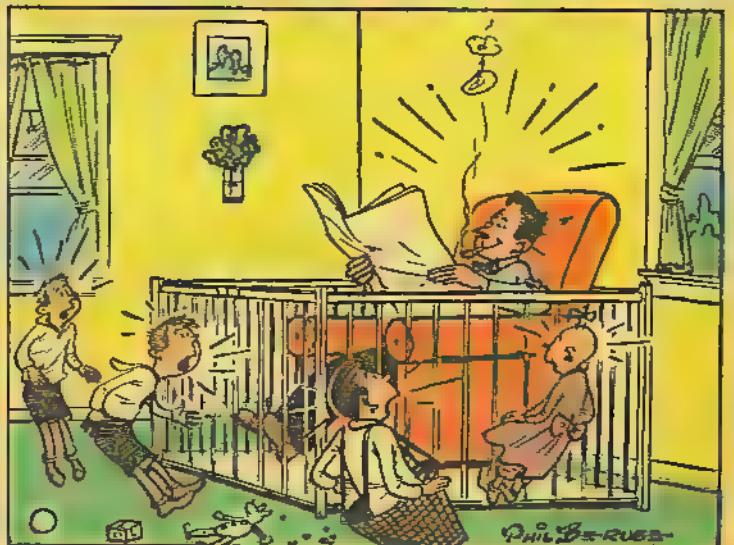
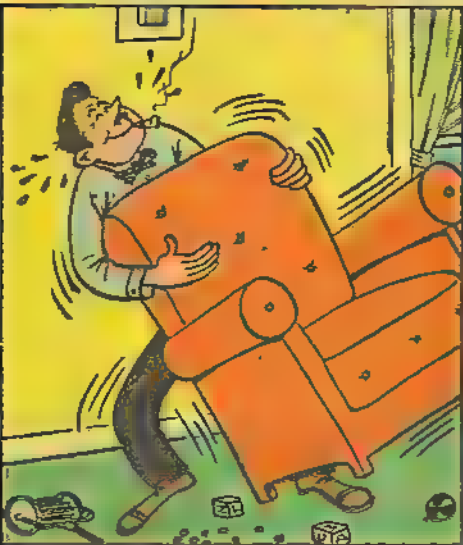
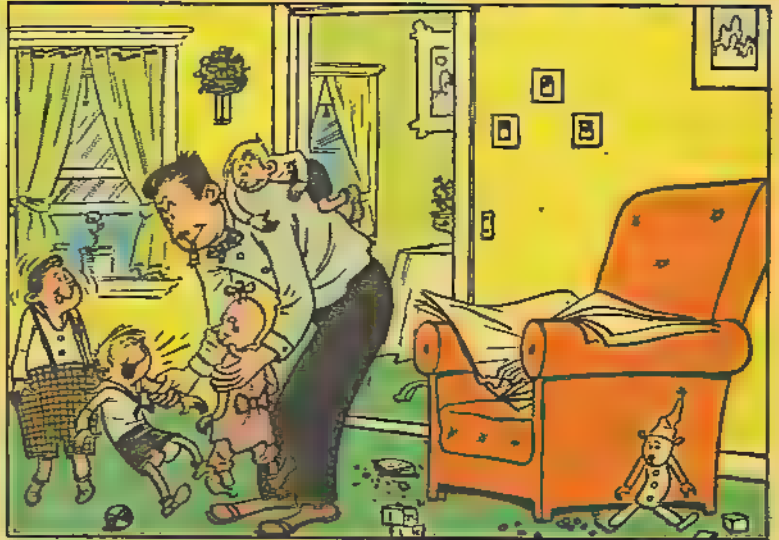
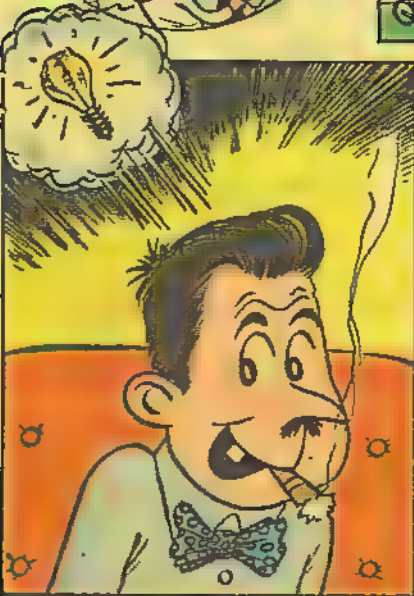
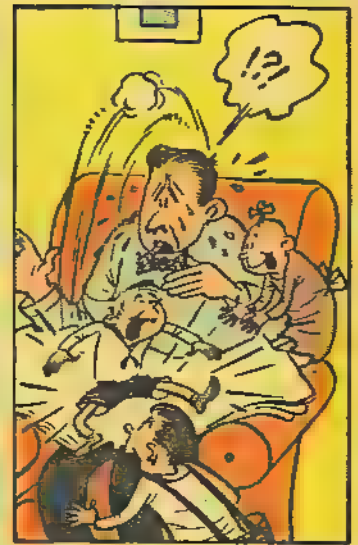
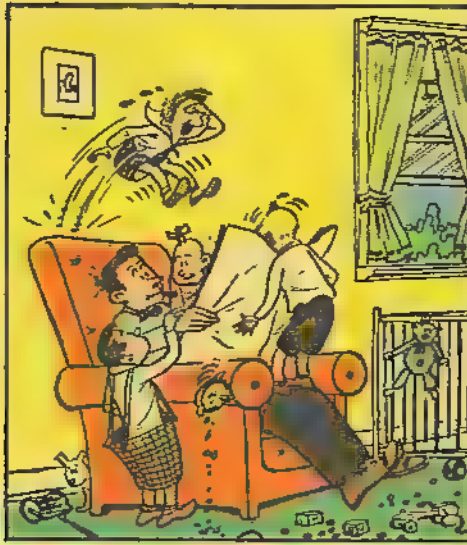




PLAYFUL

POP

AND THE KIDDIES...



PHIL DE RUEZ

FRED "DIXIE"

WALKER

TOP-RANKING, MAJOR LEAGUE
HITTING ACE, *Says:*

"BOTH MY BATTING EYE AND MY EYE FOR VALUE
HAVE TO BE SHARP.....THAT'S WHY I'M SUCH A STRONG
WINTHROP FAN....WINTHROP SHOES ARE ON MY
ALL-STAR TEAM FOR STYLE, COMFORT
AND LONG WEAR."

DIXIE'S SON HAS A LOT OF HIS
DAD'S KEEN EYE.....
FRED JR. *Says:*

"DAD AND I BOTH GO
FOR WINTHROP SHOES IN
A BIG WAY... DAD'S SHOES
AND MY WINTHROP JRS.
MATCH EACH OTHER
EXACTLY, EXCEPT FOR
SIZE.....OH, BOY! ARE
THEY SUPER."



SEE, DAD, THE ONLY
DIFFERENCE
IS THE SIZE!



WINTHROP JRS. for boys
Sizes 1 to 9

WINTHROP SHOES for men

Shown here is Winthrop's famous
Slack identically styled for men and
boys. Rawhide lace, triple decker
crepe and corrugated red rubber sole.

WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY • DIV: INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS

THE SECRET OF MYSTERY MOUNTAIN!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY

WE WEREN'T LOOKING FOR TROUBLE WHEN WE STARTED OUR HIKE...

PEE WEE'LL BE POOPED BY THE TIME WE CLIMB THIS MOUNTAIN.

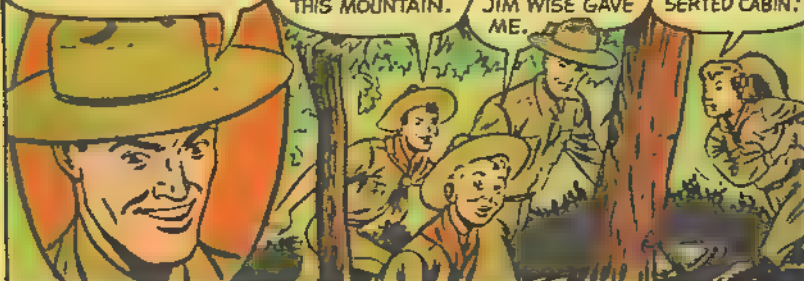
POOPED, EH? IF THEY ONLY KNEW THE TIP JIM WISE GAVE ME.

HEY! THERE ARE SOME MEN UP AT THE DESERTED CABIN!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

QUIET NOW, FELLOWS.

WE'LL HIDE THE LOOT HERE UNTIL THE COAST IS CLEAR!



PEE WEE, RUN DOWN AND GET THE STATE POLICE.

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT... LET ME GO!



YOU'LL SEE! TELL 'EM OUR SECRET ABOUT "P-F", JIM...

WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F" HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.

2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



TRADE MARK

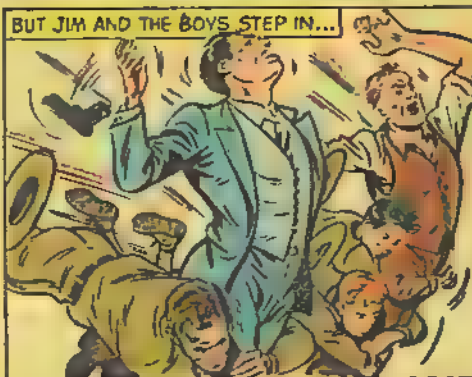
"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION... A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN "P-F" CANVAS SHOES

HEY, PIPE DE KID... GET HIM!



AFTER HIM, QUICK!

BANG



BUT JIM AND THE BOYS STEP IN...

IN THE EXCITEMENT, ONE OF THE ROBBERS ESCAPES WITH THE MONEY...



OUR MEN PICKED UP NUMBER THREE THANKS TO YOUR SPEED, PEE WEE!

GOSH, WHAT A RUNNER! IT'S "P-F" FOR ALL OF US NOW!



YOU'LL HAVE MORE SPEED AND STAYING POWER, TOO-- BE A BETTER ATHLETE--IF YOU INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES!



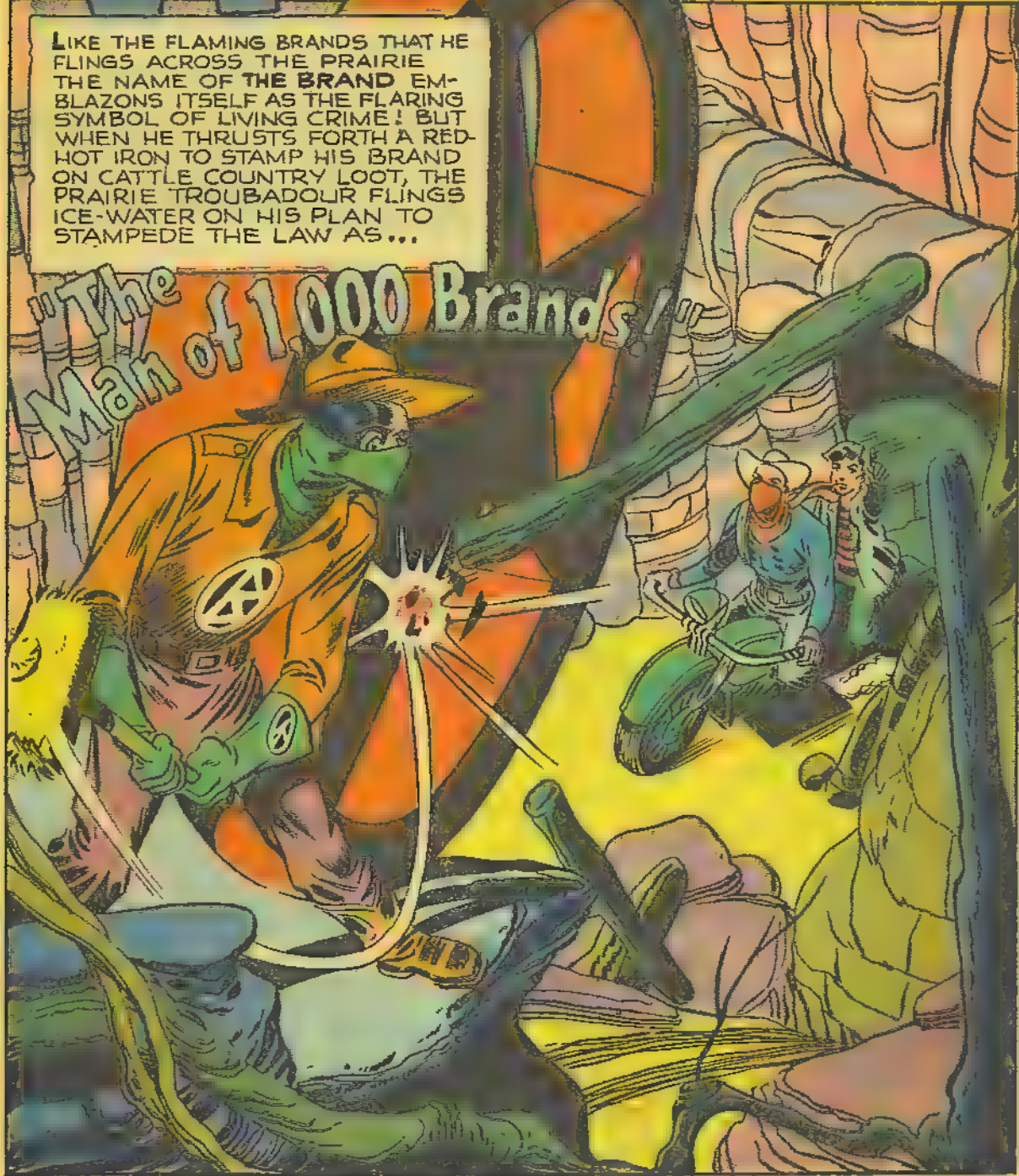
"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY

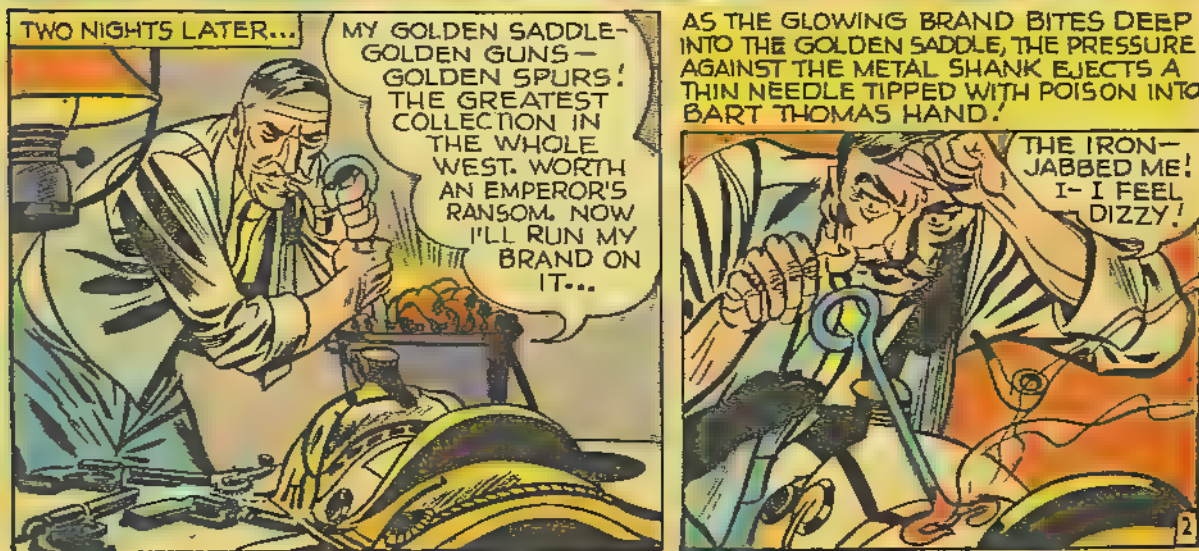
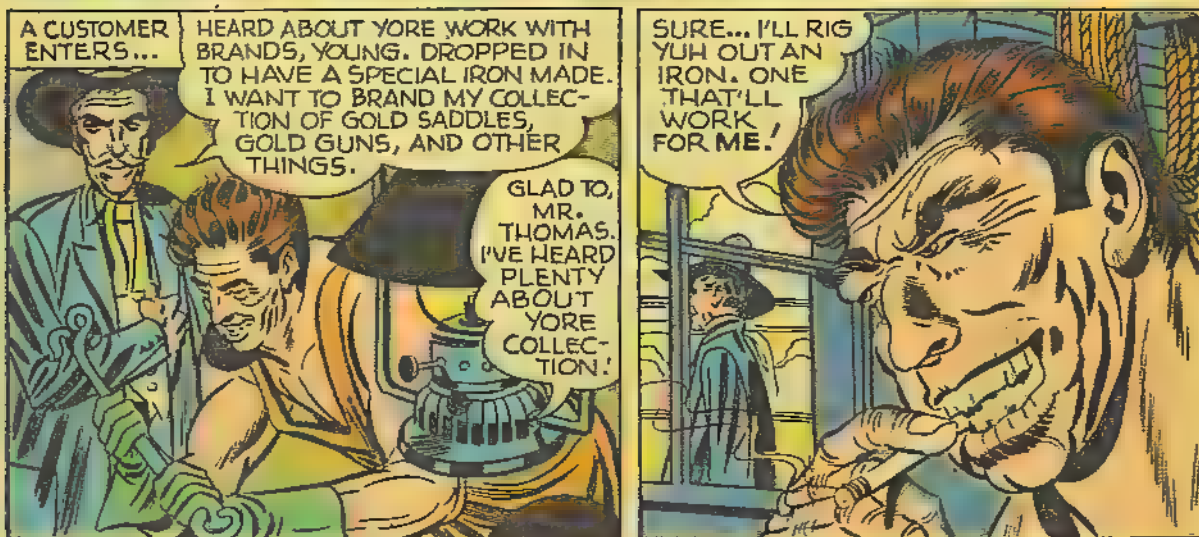
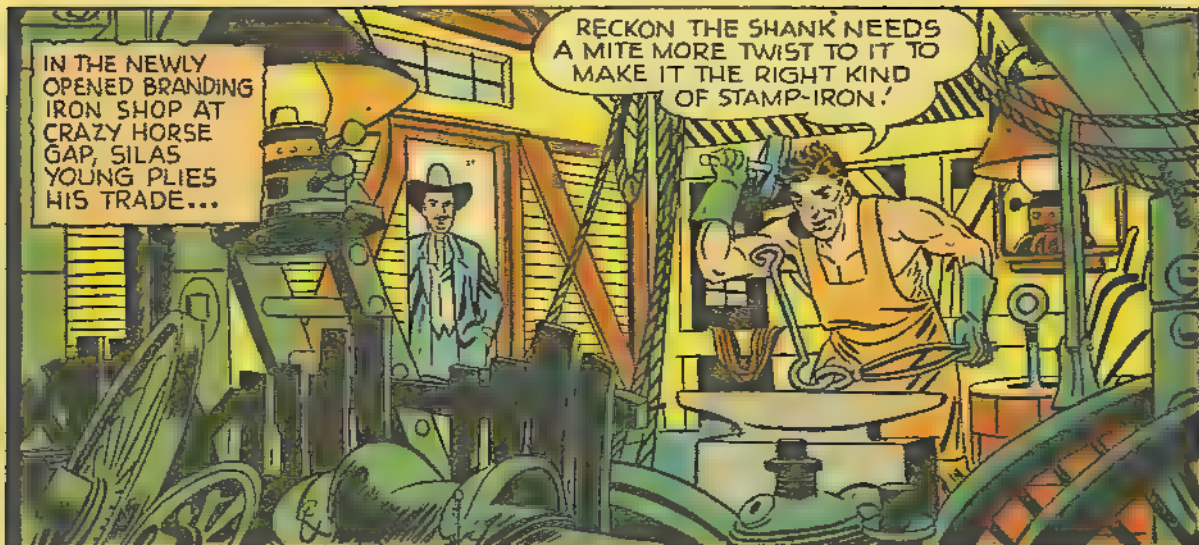
B.F. Goodrich and HOOD RUBBER CO.

VIGILANTE

LIKE THE FLAMING BRANDS THAT HE FLINGS ACROSS THE PRAIRIE THE NAME OF THE BRAND EMBLAZONS ITSELF AS THE FLARING SYMBOL OF LIVING CRIME! BUT WHEN HE THRUSTS FORTH A RED-HOT IRON TO STAMP HIS BRAND ON CATTLE COUNTRY LOOT, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR FLINGS ICE-WATER ON HIS PLAN TO STAMPEDE THE LAW AS...

"The Man of 1,000 Brands!"



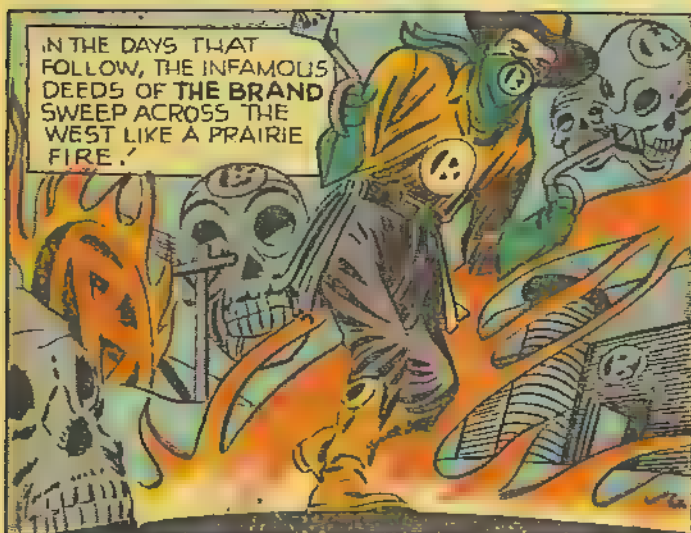




THAT GOLDEN SADDLE'S ALL MINE, THANKS TO THE SNAKE VENOM I PUT IN THE HANDLE OF THAT IRON!



MY KNOWLEDGE OF BRANDS GOT ME THIS GOLDEN COLLECTION! HA! HA! I'LL USE BRANDING IRONS TO ROB AND STEAL! I'LL MAKE MONEY—BIG MONEY! AND NOT BY SELLIN' 'EM. HA! HA! I'LL BE KNOWN AS THE BRAND!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE INFAMOUS DEEDS OF THE BRAND SWEEP ACROSS THE WEST LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE.

AND IN HIS SECRET MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT THE BRAND TOILS ON, EVER DEVISING NEW AND STRANGE BRANDS FOR PLUNDER...



NOW TO TEST MY LATEST IDEA...



THE HANDLE'S FITTED WITH A POWERFUL SPRING AND A SUPPLY OF ROUND PELLETS TO KNOCK A MAN UNCONSCIOUS. A SILENT, POWERFUL WEAPON!

SOME NIGHTS LATER, AS GREG SANDERS AND HIS YOUNG PAL STUFF RIDE THROUGH THE CRAZY HORSE RANGE...

STUFF—LOOK AT THOSE BLAZING TELEPHONE POLES! SAY, THEY FORM A PERFECT "PICKET-FENCE" BRAND. HMM! THE "PICKET FENCE" RANCH IS NEARBY. THIS LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF THE BRAND!



BUT WHY SHOULD THE BRAND SET FIRE TO THOSE TELEPHONE POLES? RECKON WE'D BETTER PAY A VISIT TO THE "PICKET FENCE" RANCH AND LEARN—WHY!



A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME, AND ONCE AGAIN THE WESTERN LAWMAN AND HIS SIDE-KICK RIDE THE TROUBLE TRAIL...

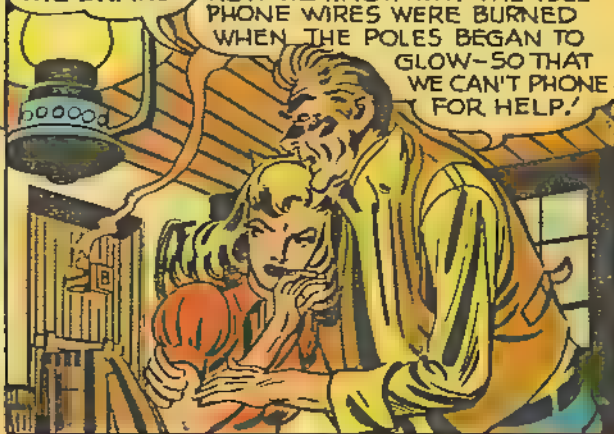
WE'LL FOLLOW THE BLAZING POLES! THE BRAND'S EGOTIST ENOUGH TO STAMP HIS BRAND RIGHT WHERE HE PLANS TO ROB!



MEANWHILE, FAR AHEAD OF THE GALLOPING GALAHAD AND HIS YOUNG PARD...

THE BRAND!

NOW WE KNOW WHY THE TELEPHONE WIRES WERE BURNED WHEN THE POLES BEGAN TO GLOW—SO THAT WE CAN'T PHONE FOR HELP!



HA! HA! LOCKED DOORS MEAN NOTHING TO THE BRAND! MY ELECTRICALLY WIRED BRAND BURNS A PATH THROUGH ANYTHING!



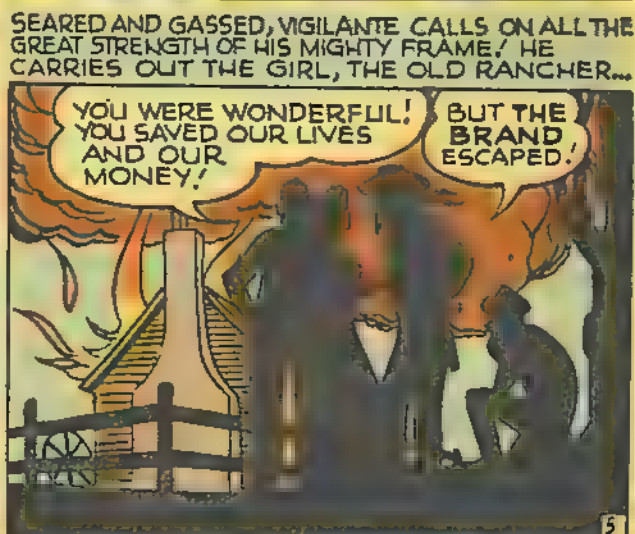
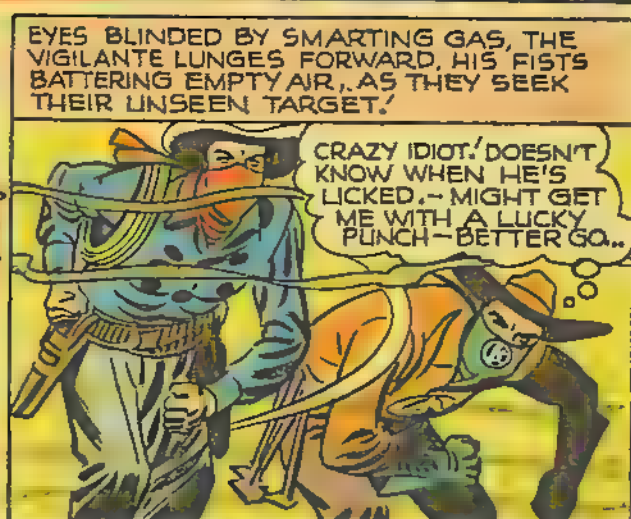
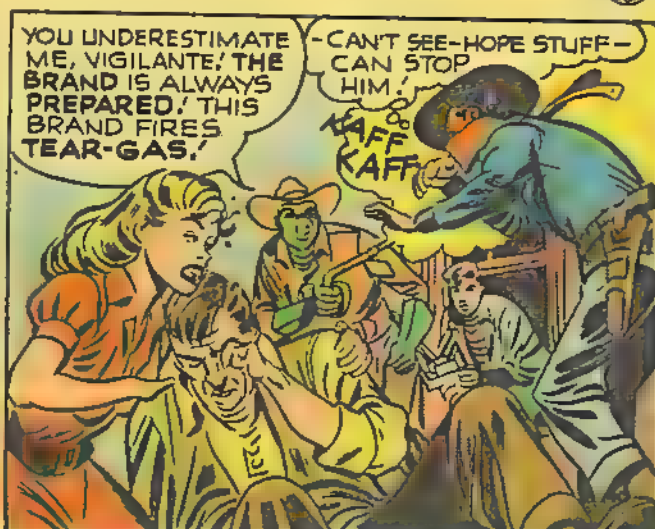
AND MY THERMO-FLAME BRAND WILL MELT THE HINGES OF THE FINEST SAFE MADE!

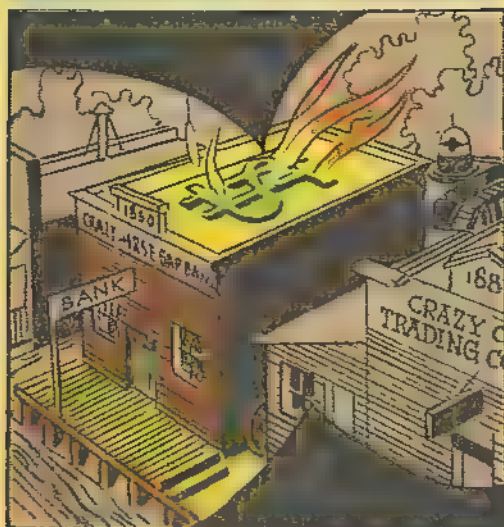
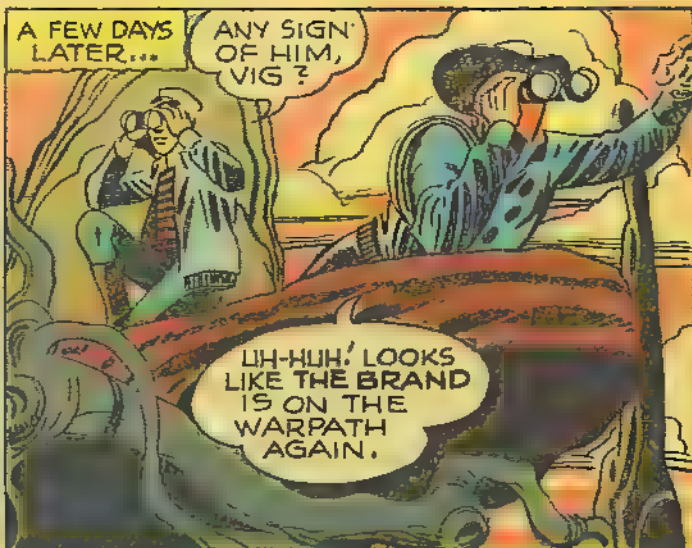
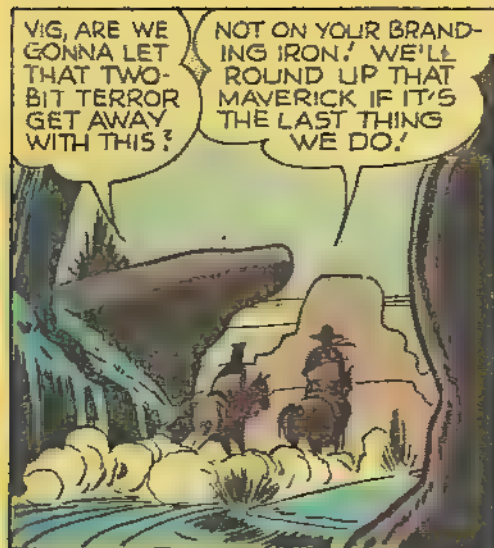


THAT'S THE MONEY I GOT FOR SELLIN' MY HERDS! PLEASE DON'T TAKE IT. IT'S ALL I HAVE...

YOU FOOL! THE BRAND NEVER STOPS TO ARGUE. THE BRAND TAKES!







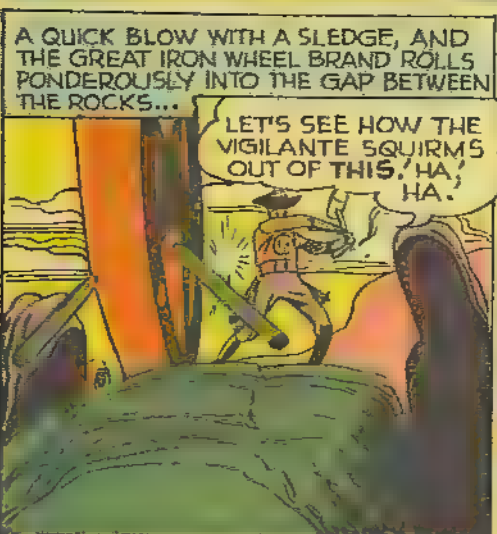
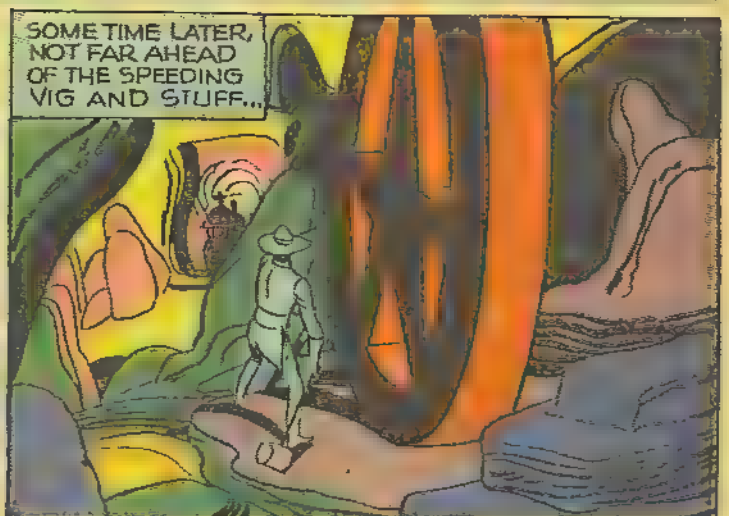
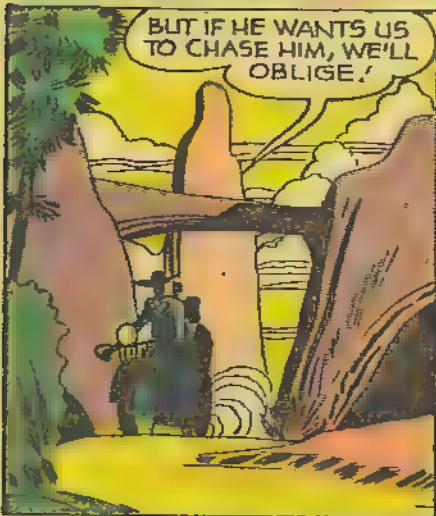
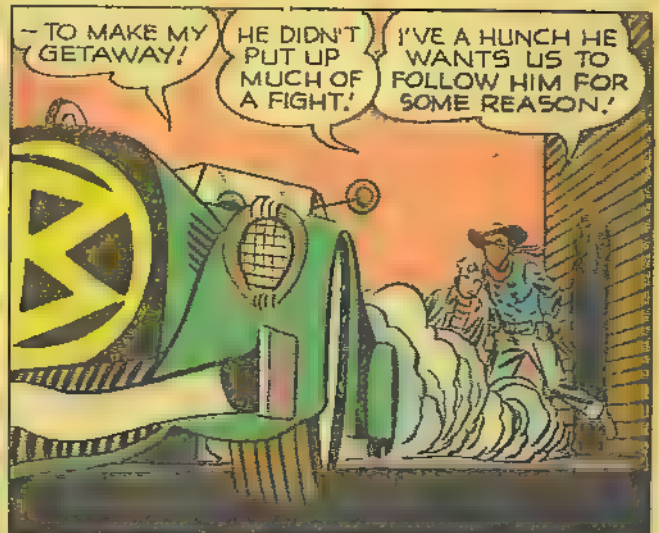
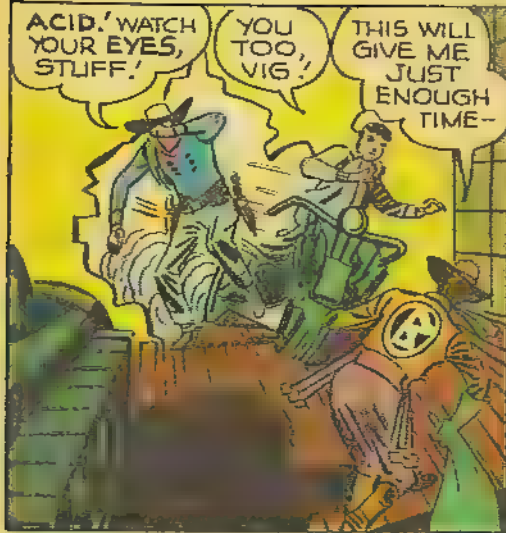
THE BRAND PULLS A LEVER AND A BULLDOZER RAMS A GIANT BRAND INTO THE WOODEN-FRAME WALL OF THE BANK.

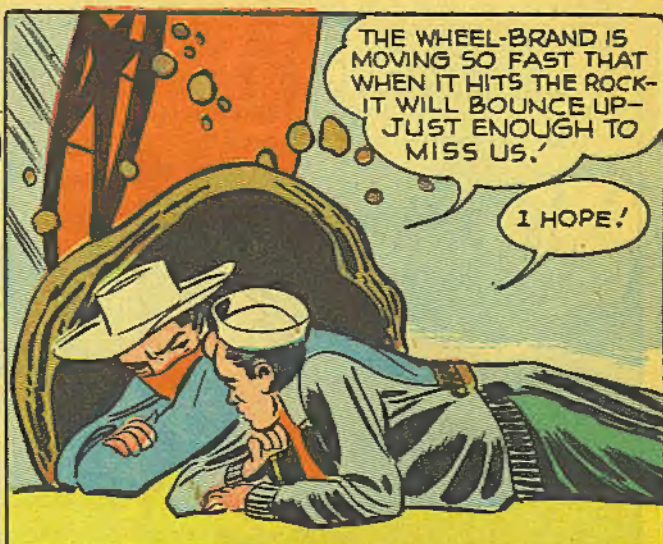


MINUTES PASS AS THE GREEDY HANDS OF THE BRAND STRETCH OUT FOR MORE AND MORE LOOT... AND THEN...

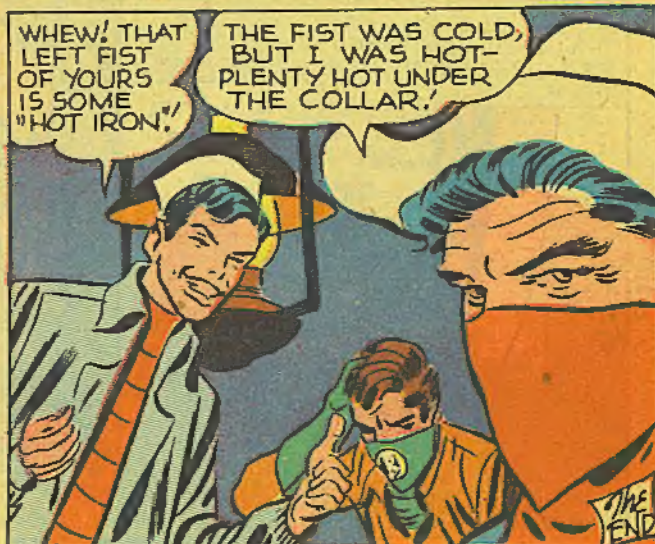
PRETTY CLEVER TO WAIT UNTIL THE TOWN IS DESERTED AND THE FOLKS ARE OVER IN TANKERTON FOR THE RODEO - BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH!







JUST AS A ROLLING BASEBALL WILL HIT A PEBBLE AND FLY OVER THE FIELDER'S HEAD, SO THE GREAT WHEEL CLEARS THE DUO, AND GOES THUNDERING DOWN THE CANYON...



"U.S. ROYAL"WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE**FOILING The LUNATIC'S REVENGE**

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!



CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...



THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!



LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

**U.S.
BIKE TIRES**

America's Fastest Selling Tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMPS" OF AMERICA by Thom McAn

TOM DENHART

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR
THE HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMP"
OF YOUR LOCALITY**"OUTSTANDING
BOY"**A STUDENT AT HUGHES HIGH
SCHOOL, CINCINNATI, OHIO

TOM DENHART is one of the most popular boys in his school—and with good reason! He's a versatile athlete, fine speaker, good student. Elected to Hi-Y Club, he's also senior adviser to school newspaper. Enjoys photography, experiments with trick lighting effects. Hopes to study law or journalism. Tom likes sports clothes; selected, as his favorite, Thom McAn shoe style shown below.



HE'S PRESIDENT OF "PARLATORS"
SPEAKING CLUB--WON HONOR
EMBLEM FOR DEBATING SKILL



TOM'S HOBBY PAYS
A PROFIT! HE
TRAPS MUSKRATS
SELLS THEIR FUR



HE'S QUITE A
SKIER, TOO!



TOM LOVES
SPORTS. BASKET-
BALL AND SWIMMING ARE
AMONG HIS FAVORITES



TOM SELECTS
THIS HANDSOME
THOM McAN STYLE
IN BOYS' SHOES...
A STURDY BEAUTY
IN RICH GRAIN-
LEATHER.
(BOY'S STYLE
NO. X24;
MEN'S STYLE
NO. 304)

SENIOR
CLASS
ELECTED
HIM
EDITOR OF
YEARBOOK

**AMAZING-- BUT TRUE!**

WHEN ASKED TO NAME THEIR FAVORITE SHOE, 3 TIMES AS MANY YOUNG AMERICANS PICKED THOM McAN AS THE NEXT NEAREST RIVAL! YOU, TOO, WILL "TAKE A SHINE" TO McAN STYLES LIKE THE ONE PICTURED HERE-- BECAUSE THEY KEEP THEIR SHINE FOR A LONG TIME, AND GIVE YOU REAL "GROWN UP" STYLING AND QUALITY AT AN AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE. VISIT THE GREEN-AND-WHITE THOM McAN SHOP-- "WHERE ALL THE

GANG GOES"--AND SEE
THE SHOES YOU'LL BE
PROUD TO WEAR.

AMERICA'S MOST
POPULAR SHOE

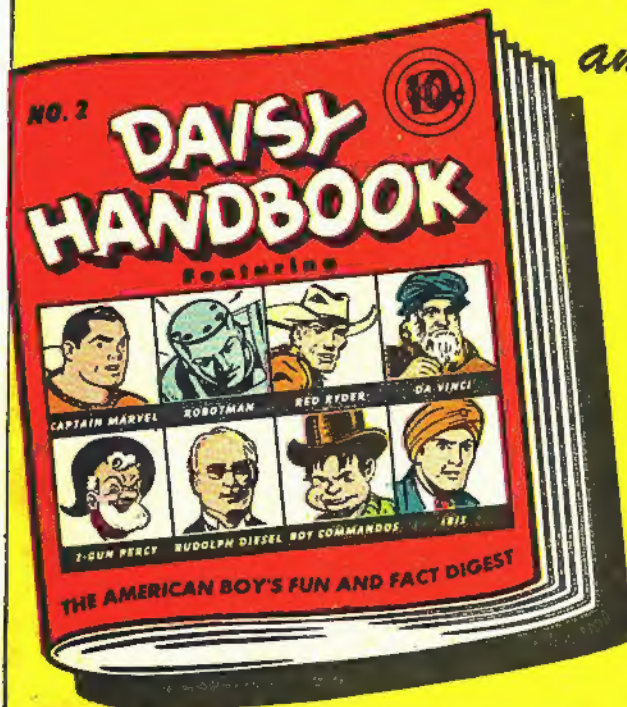


Thom McAn

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